DAILY DEMOCRAT-FORUM

NEWS DISPATCHES FROM THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE.

VOLUME 8. EIGHT PAGES MARYVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, APR. 12, 1918 EIGHT PAGES NO. 268

APPEAL TO FARMERS

URGED TO INVEST SAVINGS IN LIBERTY BONDS

HAVE DUTY TO PERFORM

Township Committees Are Hard at Work and There Will be No Let Up Until Last Day of Drive

Eight out of the fifteen townships in Nodaway county have already exceeded their quotas in the third Liberty Loan drive, according to reports made by the chairman, W. C. Pierce, today. Official figures, however, are not yet obtainable. There is going to be no let up, members of the executive committee said today, until the last day of the campaign.

The last two weeks will be devoted to making a follow-up intensive canvass of prospective buyers in the townships that may be lagging.

Chairman Pierce is today in receipt of the following letter from J. M. Worley of Kansas City, director of publicity for the third Liberty Loan:

Kansas City, Mo.,
April 12, 1918.

Mr. W. C. Pierce, Chairman,
Maryville, Mo.

Dear Sir,

I am requested to transmit to you and through you to the rural residents of America the following from the Honorable W. G. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury:

"It is a matter of supreme national importance that the treasury of the United States shall be supplied at all times with the amount of money needed to furnish the food, the clothing, the guns, the ammunition required by our soldiers to fight successfully for the safety and liberty of America; to pay the allowances made by the government to the dependents, wives and children of these soldiers, and pay the life insurance which the government permits every soldier to buy from it. The treasury also must have the necessary money to extend credit to the valiant British, French, Belgians and Italians, who are fighting alongside American soldiers on the bloody battlefields of France, Belgium and Italy. If the American people fail to lend their money to the government for these noble purposes how can we gain a victory in this glorious cause? Every one can help by lending their money to the government. They do not make a gift of their money. They merely lend it on impregnable security and are paid interest on the loan.

"At the same time the farmers of the nation can render genuine patriotic service by lending all the money they can to their government and encouraging everybody else to do the same. It makes no difference how small the loan. It will be helpful. Those who can buy only thrift stamps should buy thrift stamps. Those who can buy only war savings stamps should buy war savings stamps. Those who can buy Liberty Bonds should buy Liberty Bonds. They should buy as many stamps and bonds as they can, instead of as few. The government

(Continued on page 4.)

TEN PASS PHYSICAL TESTS

Of Thirteen Men Examined Yesterday Two Were Rejected as Physically Unfit — One for Limited Service

Ten additional men passed the physical tests yesterday before the draft board in the examination being conducted. Two were rejected and one was accepted for limited service. Examinations are being continued today and tomorrow, when the last of the available registrants will be nearly exhausted.

The following were examined yesterday:

Frank Rhodes, Clearmont; qualified for limited service.

Fay E. Carmichael, Parnell; qualified.

James P. Cox, Graham; qualified.

Clifford Dicken, Graham; qualified.

Wiley Cecil Robey; qualified.

Chesley Curfin, Conception Junction; qualified.

Guy Mathew Pfeiffer, Maryville; qualified.

John Bryon Martin, Burlington Jct.; qualified.

Ralph Leon Murphy, Chanute, Kan.; disqualified.

Charles Martin Bloom, Barnard; qualified.

Leroy Smith, Quitman; disqualified.

Wilber H. Dowis, Sheridan; qualified.

George Franklin Barton, Parnell; qualified.

ACCEPT WAR GARDEN OFFER

Members of Business Girls' League Will Plant Potatoes On An Acre Given by Brint R. Embree

The Business Girl's League has accepted the offer of Brint R. Embree to give them the use of an acre of ground on which to grow a war garden and will begin preparations at once to put in a crop of potatoes, seed for the latter having also been donated by E. J. Andrews. A committee from the league was driven out to the Embree farm yesterday by Roy Curfman and it was decided at once to accept the offer. The ground is ready for the planting of the crop, having been plowed and disced.

The girls will arrange for transportation to and from their "war garden" after business hours and will divide into squads to work on alternate evenings.

DIED SITTING IN HER CHAIR

Mrs. Mary Laughlin of Clearmont, a Resident of Clearmont for Twenty Years, Died Suddenly at Her Home

Mrs. Mary Laughlin, for twenty years a resident of Clearmont, died suddenly at her home at 1 o'clock this afternoon. Mrs. Laughlin was 77 years old, but had been in good health. Following dinner she had gone to the living room and was sitting quietly in her chair when death came. She lived alone with her one daughter, Mattie Laughlin. Two sons and a sister also survive her. The sons are Simon Laughlin of Stillwater, Ok., and Warren Laughlin of Lincoln, Nebr. Mr. Laughlin has been dead several years.

Funeral arrangements will not be made until other relatives are heard from.

Read Democrat-Forum Want Ads.

HUNDREDS DONATE

THE RED CROSS SALE TOMORROW PROMISES HUGE SUCCESS

BRING GIFTS IN EARLY

Many Have Given Money In Place of Merchandise—Donations of Whatever Nature Acceptable

Take your donations for the Red Cross sale to be held tomorrow to the court house in the morning. A committee will be there from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. to receive them. Be sure each article is tagged with your name. The sale will start promptly at 1:00 o'clock.

So great has been the interest in making the Red Cross auction sale tomorrow a success that donations are being received faster than the secretary can list them. Over 500 persons have already made contributions of articles ranging in value from twenty-five cents to more than $1,000. They have come from every corner of the county and such a variety of articles has never before been assembled in Maryville. Canned goods, jams, preserves, jellies make up a large part of the donations, with eggs and chickens a close second. Live stock, books, seed corn and potatoes and an old coin 100 years old.

(Continued on page 4.)

FIRE AT PALFREYMAN HOME

Defective Flue Causes Damage—Fire Department Makes Quick Run and Does Efficient Work

A defective flue caused a blaze at the home of Geo. Palfreyman on West Third street yesterday evening about seven o'clock that, but for the prompt arrival of the fire department would have resulted in a large loss. A quick run and efficient work on the part of the firemen kept the fire from spreading, the blaze being quickly extinguished. A hole was burned in the roof, the damage amounting to about $100. The property is owned by Andy C. Cummins. Slight damage was done to the household goods of Mr. Palfreyman.

DEATH OF BEN'J. HEITMAN

Was a Veteran of the Civil War and Had Lived in Nodaway County for Twenty-six Years

Benjamin Heitman died at 7:30 o'clock last night of heart trouble at the home of his son, Herman Heitman, of near Bedison. Mr. Heitman, who made his home with his son, had been in poor health for about four years. He was 77 years old on Wednesday, April 10.

Funeral services will be held at 10 o'clock Sunday morning at St. Mary's Catholic church, conducted by Rev. Father Odilo, and burial will be in the St. Mary's cemetery.

Mr. Heitman is survived by his wife, one daughter, Mrs. Joseph Wilmes, two sons, Herman and Henry Heitman, and two sisters, Mrs. Sophia Reining of Nebraska and Mrs. Katherine Tavis, Silistine, Ind.

Twenty-six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren also survive. Mr. Heitman was born in Ohio, April 10, 1841, and came to Nodaway county about twenty-six years ago. He was a veteran of the Civil War, having served three years in the Eighteenth Indiana Infantry.

PARIS IS AGAIN BOMBARDED

Shell From Long Range Gun Strikes Orphan Asylum Killing Four Children — Twenty-one Injured

Paris, April 12.—A wave of rage against the barbarity of the Germans swept Paris again today when it was learned that one of the long range guns struck a foundling asylum killing four orphans. Twenty-one others were wounded and the building was badly damaged.

VON HINDENBURG INJURED.

Zurich, April 12. — Field Marshal Von Hindenburg has been wounded on the western front and is now under treatment in a private hospital, according to information from Strasburg today.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hepburn will visit over Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Hotchkin and Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Davis.

HURRY, SAYS WOOD

DECLARES FIVE MILLION MEN ARE NEEDED TO WIN WAR

TAFT POINTS NEED, TOO

Tells Joint Session of New York Legislature 5 to 7 Million Men Are Needed to Smash Germans

Kansas City, April 12.—The United States should send two million men to France as soon as possible, declared Maj. Gen. Wood, who is en route to Camp Funston, where he has been assigned as commandant, after having spent six months with Pershing's forces. "The United States should have an army of five million men, and forty thousand officers will be needed for the drafts that are to come and they should be in training immediately," said General Wood.

General Wood stopped over here a few hours today on his way to Funston where a big welcome awaits him from the 30,000 men in camp there.

Albany, N. Y., April 12.—The United States must put an army of from five to seven million men on the western front to win the war. It will require two years to do this and it will probably take still another year to smash German militarism. This was the declaration of Former President William Howard Taft in an address to the New York state legislature in joint session this afternoon.

A PLAY TO BUY LIBERTY BOND

Elmo Senior Class Realized $115.65 From "The Valley Farm"—Will Give It at Blanchard, Iowa

The senior class of the Elmo high school gave a play last night, "The Valley Farm," to raise money with which to purchase a $100 Liberty Bond. The money taken in amounted to $115.65. The play will be put on again Wednesday night, April 17, at Blanchard, Ia. The members of the class are Elvin Campbell, Mabel McCumber, Amy Johnson, Esther Smith, Marie Kinman, Frank Hull, Edith Hamilton, Ethel Duncan, Lula Atherton and Charles Hurst. Two members of the junior class, Stephen Lamar and Albert Hitzmann, assisted in the play and specialties wer given by Clayton Beaver, Cleona Lamar and Edna Jones. Miss Leona Badger and Miss Albert Wilkerson trained the young people for the play.

LAND MARINES AT VLADIVOSTOK

Washington, April 12.—Both state and navy departments are making earnest efforts today to get an official report from Rear Admiral Knight, commanding the Asiatic fleet, regarding the landing of American naval forces at Vladivostok.

Died at Cherry Valley, Ill.

Albert Wesley Popham, of Cherry Valley, Ill., son of Mr. and Mrs. William Popham southwest of Maryville, died Wednesday night of an illness of heart trouble. Mr. and Mrs. Popham and daughter, Miss Birdie, left Wednesday for Cherry Valley, but did not arrive there until after the death of Mr. Popham.

Sold Eggs for Red Cross.

The housewives of Nodaway township saved the eggs gathered on Easter Sunday for the Red Cross and delivered them to E. W. Wedge's poultry house at Burlington Junction. They sold for $32, this money being turned over to the treasurer of their Red Cross auxiliary, T. A. Corken.

Howard Watson Home On Leave.

Howard Watson, of the naval training school at Camp Dewey, Great Lakes, Ill., arrived in Maryville this morning for a ten day furlough to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Watson. Mr. Watson expects to be transferred soon.

White Cloud Conference.

The conference of the Sunday School workers of White Cloud township will be held at 2:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon at the Pleasant Grove church. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Underwent Operation Yesterday.

Mrs. S. C. Clark underwent an operation for appendicitis yesterday at the St. Francis hospital. Her condition is improved today.

Vern, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Dempsey, who underwent an operation yesterday for appendicitis at the St. Francis hospital, is improved today.

HERRON SCHOOL TERM ENDS

An Interesting Program by Pupils Yesterday Was Followed by Big Basket Dinner

Miss Bessie Dinsmore closed a successful term of school yesterday at the Herron school house northwest of Maryville. A program had been arranged by the teacher and pupils in honor of the event and a splendid basket dinner, which had been prepared by the patronesses of the school was spread on long tables at the noon hour. About one hundred guests were present during the day.

This is the second year at the Herron school for Miss Dinsmore, who is one of Nodaway county's most successful school teachers. There are sixteen pupils in the school, two of whom will take the rural eighth grade examinations held in Maryville today. They are Marion Roberts and Dorothy Taylor.

The program was as follows:

Song—"America."
Recitation—Margaret Komer.
Recitation—Ruth Taylor.
Dialogue—"Newspaper Perplexities"
Recitation—Edwin Manley.
Recitation—Walter Taylor.
Dialogue—"The Doll Show."
Recitation—Dennis Carmichael.
Recitation—Alyene Carmichael.
Song—"Somewhere in France"—by Dorothy and Ruth Taylor.
Recitation—Oliver Manley.
Recitation—Beulah Sawyers.
Dialogue—"That Fire at Nolan's."
Recitation—Robert Porter.
Song—"Flag Song."
Recitation—Marion Roberts.
Recitation—Alice Komer.
Dialogue—"Recess Speeches."
Recitation—Robert Komer.
Recitation—Guy C. Taylor.
Dialogue—"Why She Left."
Recitation—Dorothy Taylor.
Song—"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

FUNERAL OF J. J. BARTRAM

Services Were Held Yesterday From Home Conducted by Rev. Cox—Burial Was in the Graham Cemetery

The funeral services for J. J. Bartram, who died Wednesday were held at 1 o'clock this afternoon at the home conducted by the Rev. Gilbert S. Cox, pastor of the First Methodist church. The pall bearers selected from the present and former employes of Moore Bros. and fellow workers with Mr. Bartram were Guy Haller, Ben Alkire, Alfred McNeal, U. I. Willson, Ben Neal and W. C. Irwin.

The body was taken to Graham for burial and interred in the Graham cemetery.

Malcolm Hepburn of Chicago, who has been visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hepburn of Hopkins, left today for his home.

GERMANS CAPTURE MERVILLE

HINDENBURG HURLS HUGE MASSES OF TROOPS AT BRITISH LINE IN NEW DRIVE

HEIG TAKES UP NEWAND STRONGER POSITIONS

German Prisoners On British Front Say Their Officers Assured Them This Is Decisive Drive and the War Will End This Month

London, April 12.—Merville, on the Lys river in northern France, was capteured by the Germans after a severe struggle last night the British war office stated today.

(Merville lies just northeast of Lestrem and is between seventeen and eighteen miles west of Lille.

Heavy German pressure resulted in their making progress at some points. Violent fighting continued during the night in the new battle which has developed between La Basse canal and the Ypres-Comines canal and in the Belgium sector at Ploegsceert wood on the west Flanders front. The British took up new and better positions. In the region of Festeubert the British counter attacked and won back some ground which the Germans had previously taken. Many German attacks were brilliantly repulsed. On the Somme river (the Picardy front) there were only artillery duels.

London, April 12.—For the past 24 hours the Germans have been hurling huge masses of troops against the British and Portugese along the Franco-Belgian front, having relaxed almost completely their pressure against Amiens.—Military critics are divided in their opinion as to the object of the German general staff. Many French war experts regard the new German drive between La Basse canal and Ypres and the Camines canal as a diversion, while others view it as a

(Continued on page 8.)

THE WEATHER

Partly cloudy tonight and Saturday; warmer.

Feature Tonight

Empire Theatre

11 and 17 cents

Brady Made pictures, with
ETHEL CLAYTON
Everybody's Favorite, in
The Whims of Society
How true love and character triumph over circumstance.
Tomorrow, "ANYTHING ONCE."
Show begins 7:45 clock time.

HOME GUARD

Drill and Business Meeting
7:30 o'Clock To-Night

Armory Hall

Notice—
to Vehicle & Car Owners

City Vehicle License is past due and must be paid at once at the City Hall.

(Signed): P. L. EDWARDS, Chief of Police,
E. J. HOWLAND, City Clerk.

Notice—

ALL DONATIONS FOR THE
RED CROSS
Sale Saturday

SHOULD BE BROUGHT TO THE WEST SIDE OF THE COURT HOUSE SATURDAY MORNING.

A Committee will be there from 9 a. m. until 2 p. m. to receive all articles.

Be sure your donations are tagged with your name and address.

THE COMMITTEE.

Sale Begins at One o'Clock

The Democrat-Forum

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

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WALTER S. TODD ..... Superintendent

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Change of Address.

In requesting the change of address of your paper, be sure to give old address as well as the new.

MEMBER MISSOURI PRESS ASSOCIATION

INSURANCE TO COST MORE?

Missouri Fire Insurance Companies Ask Increase of Ten Per Cent Until After the War

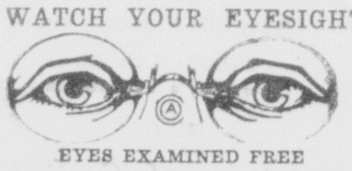
Jefferson City, April 12.—Representatives of 140 fire insurance companies doing business in Missouri appeared before Acting State Superintendent of Insurance Claude Clark and submitted a mass of statements and figures from insurance people in support of their application for a flat increase of ten per cent until the close of the war. The superintendent took the matter under advisement. The companies cannot increase existing rates until such time as the state department of insurance approves the same.

Those who represented the companies in the hearing were: James A. Wentworth, H. M. Moss, Judge Charles G. Revelle, all of St. Louis, and A. G. Duggins of Chicago.

The fire insurance carried in this state is approximately $1,000,000 at the present time. The losses paid last year were $7,708,000.

When a woman gets sick she generally makes as little fuss about it as possible, and when a man gets sick he has an idea that all the undertakers in town are tagging him around for first chance at his remains.

WATCH YOUR EYESIGHT



EYES EXAMINED FREE

Our expert graduate Optometrist will diagnose your eye troubles and tell you what you need. The service is free at

KUCHS BROTHERS
222 N. Main Street.

Announcement

I AM IN THE PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING BUSINESS—INDEPENDENT OF ANYONE ELSE.

JAMES W. ARNETT
Hanamo 4428.

Your Work Appreciated.

100,000 "Smiths" Listed In Allotment Files In Bureau of War-Risk Insurance.

There are more than 100,000 "Smiths" listed in the allotment and allowance files of the bureau of War Risk Insurance of the treasury department — 1,040 John Smiths, 200 John A. Smiths, 1,560 William Smiths, and 200 William H. Smiths. It takes 11c card index trays and a good sized squad of filing experts to keep track of all the enlisted men in the fighting forces of the country who answer to the name of "Smith."

There are more than 2,000,000 cards in the allotment and allowance files of the bureau of War Risk Insurance al- because of the great repetition of certain names Secretary McAdoo has asked all soldiers and sailors to give their full names, not initials, in applications and in correspondence, and to write all names in a clear, legible hand, printing them out rather than using script.

Full Name and Address Necessary.

There are 262 John J. O'Briens in the files and in 50 cases the wife's name is "Mary." There are 15,000 "Millers" and 15,000 "Wilsons" on file in the bureau. There are 1,000 John Browns and 1,200 John Johnsons. It is not enough to say "George Miller," for there are 1,040 of these; nor is it enough to say "George J. Miller," for this is not unique. The full name and the complete postoffice address are both necessary to identify a man.

Soldiers and sailors are therefore urged to give explicit, complete and careful information concerning their names, postoffice addresses and rank and organization at time of application, in their applications and in letters addressed to the bureau.

Aab First Name On List.

The honor of holding first place in the alphabetical card catalogue system goes to Clayton Aloysius Aab, second class seaman, now somewhere on the high seas on an American battleship. He is closely pressed, however, by Earl Olaf Aabel. The names then run by the hundreds of thousands through all the letter of the alphabet and end with Joseph Zyny.

The importance of clear, legible handwriting is strongly emphasized by the bureau of War Risk Insurance. Allotment and allowance awards have sometimes been delayed by baffling signatures, by incomplete addresses and by failure to notify postal authorities of removal. In correspondence with the bureau and on all applications names and addresses should be PRINTED, rather than written in script.

SOME NEW BARLEY RECIPES

Biscuits, Puddings and Cakes May Be Made From Substitute Cereal In Place of Wheat Flour

Everybody is talking about barley these days. Here are some new recipes sent out by the United States food administration which will interest you.

Steamed Barley Pudding.—1 egg, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, ¾ cup corn meal, 1 cup barley flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped raisins. Beat egg, add molasses, milk and soda dissolved in a little cold water. Sift corn meal and barley flour and salt together and combine with first mixture. Add the chopped raisins and pour into well greased baking powder tins or pop-over cups. If the latter are used, cover each cup with a well greased paper. Steam two hours.

Barley Baking Powder Biscuits.—2 cups barley flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons fat, 2-3 cup milk. Sift the dry ingredients together, rub in the fat and add the liquid until a soft dough is formed. Roll to about ¾ an inch thick, cut with a cookie cutter and bake in a hot oven. The dough should be softer than for wheat flour biscuits.

Barley Sponge Cake.—4 eggs, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 1-3 cups barley flour, ⅛ teaspoon salt. Separate the whites and yolks of eggs, beat yolks until thick and lemon colored, add the lemon juice and salt, then add sugar and beat till light. Fold in the well beaten whites of eggs and the lightly sifted flour and bake in a moderate oven.

OLD PAPERS for sale at this office

LOOKING FOR INFORMATION

Stranger at War Department Headquarters Learned General Staff Was Related to Corporal Punishment

San Francisco, April 12.—A stranger hesitantly walked into war department headquarters. He appeared embarrassed, swallowed hard a couple of times and then said to Field Clerk A. J. Pitt:

"I would like some information. Can you tell me who this General Staff is that I've been reading so much about? I see his name almost as often as General Pershing's and I want to look him up in 'Who's Who.' I never heard of him before the war."

"General Staff is a brother to Corporal Punishment," replied Pitt.

"He is a cousin to Private Entrance," volunteered Clerk Frank Andreis.

Read Democrat-Forum Want Ads.

WARN FRIENDS OF LETTERS

Be Extremely Careful What You Write to the Boys In France—Keep War Out, Is Advice

(The following article is from the April 5 issue of "The New Northwest" published at Missoula, Mont. Edwin Boone Craighead is the editor and owner).

The editor spent the month of November in Colorado and while there was guest in a family who vouched for the facts narrated in this note of warning. We urge our friends to heed the very thoughtful suggestions of Lieutenant Patterson:

If you love your soldier boy and want him to come safely back to you, do not write to him any variations of the song, "Bring Back the Kaiser to Me." Tell him about your self your home town doings and all the things you know he is interested in, but keep the war out of your letters.

The advice above is not a sentimental editorial of a civilian newspaperman, but a serious request from the adjutant of the 125th Infantry, situated at present at Camp Merritt, N. J. That advice was forwarded by Lieut. R. P. Patterson, formerly of Michigan, and a member of the 125th.

Lieut. Patterson gives a gruesome example of what has been known to have happened to an American soldier as the result of careless letter writing to the soldier from his sweetheart in America.

"A young lady," writes Lieut. Patterson, "wrote to her soldier friend in France to bring back the kaiser's eyes to her. The letter fell into the hands of a German spy. The soldier was located, captured and both eyes removed and sent to the young lady—she received them carefully packed and preserved with this notation—'Here are the kaiser's eyes taken from the head of your friend, Private ——, ——th Infantry.' The young lady is now in the insane (violent) asylum.

"Be EXTREMELY CAREFUL," concludes Lieut. Patterson.

The warning which is being written to their friends by all members of the 125th infantry follows:

In order that no harm may come to you and to me through the spy system of the enemies of our country, please do not write me with reference to the following while I am a member of the American expeditionary force abroad:

Nothing antagonistic concerning Germany, Austria, Russia or any of our Allies.

Nothing personal or official about the kaiser, crown prince, Von Hindenburg nor any person connected with the armies of our Allies.

Nothing complimentary about our own army or navy.

No mention about troop movements, concentrations or new organizations either army or navy.

No remarks about bringing home locks of hair of German troops, scalps of high commanders, helmets of officers, etc.

No mention whatever of what newspapers or magazines may say about the war.

No newspaper clippings about the war.

No cartoons of the condition of affairs, either domestic or foreign.

Don't write anything about the war.

Don't mention war in your letters.

Write only news of yourself, friends and that of local importance.

Inquire as to my welfare only.

BILLY SUNDAY'S HOME IS "THE HOUSE OF 1,000 CLOCKS"

Winona Lake, Ind., April 12—"The House of a Thousand Clocks might be the title appropriately given to the home of Billy Sunday here. He has scores of gift clocks from all parts of the United States. They're all shapes and sizes, from the stately grandfather clock to the tiniest of alarms.

"Yep, they're all still running and keeping good hours—just like I am, said "Billy."

OLD PAPERS for sale at this office.

ON GUARD

At this time of the year people feel weak, tired, listless, their blood is thin, they have lived indoors and perhaps expended all their mental and bodily energy and they want to know how to renew their energy and stamina, overcome headaches and backaches, have clear eyes, a smooth, ruddy skin, and feel the exhilaration of real good health tingling thru their body. Good, pure, rich, red blood is the best insurance against ills of all kinds. Almost all diseases come from impure and impoverished blood. It is to be noticed in the pale or pimply face, the tired, haggard appearance or the listless manner.

Drink hot water a half hour before meals, and for a vegetable tonic there's nothing better than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the old-fashioned herbal remedy, which has had such a fine reputation for fifty years. It contains no alcohol or narcotics. It is made from Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Oregon grape root, Queen's root, Black Cherry bark, extracted with glycerine and made into tablets and liquid. Tablets sixty cents, at most drug stores.

In order to insure pure blood and to build up the system try this tonic known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Get it now!

Tomorrow

First Day of Annual

Haines

Bunch Sale

True Economy

Webster correctly defines economy as "a judicious expenditure of money"—therefore it does not mean continually resisting the impulse to buy—but merely to see that one receives full value for the money one spends.

By selling meat of the best quality at fair prices (which are lower than you can buy meat elsewhere, due to our method of selling for cash and no delivery) this shop provides the surest means to accomplish true economy.

The Packers Market Company
210 North Main Phone 519.

Corwin-Murrin
Clothing Company

A paper manufacturer recently inquired: "What is the difference between

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

and other clothes? They all look very much alike to me." So do all bond papers look very much alike to us. Yet some bond papers are made of wood pulp, and others of fine rags. Each grade meets a particular need, and no discriminating business man questions the superiority of rag paper for use where quality and unusual service are required.

The same distinctions apply to clothes. On our racks, the clothes may look very much the same as the clothes on the racks of other dealers. If price is the all important factor, you can find clothes at almost any price you wish to pay. But if quality and unusual service is desired, you can find these factors carried to the highest degree in

STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES

Prices, however, are very little, if any, higher than the prices you are asked to pay for inferior clothes.

Blacklegoids

A Simple, Safe, Sure Way to Save 'Em

ONE ANIMAL LOST WOULD HAVE PAID FOR VACCINATING THE WHOLE HERD AND LEFT YOU A GOOD PROFIT BESIDES.

IT IS ECONOMY TO USE BLACKLEGOIDS.

It will cost you nothing to investigate. Come in and talk it over or drop us a postal asking for circulars.

The Koch Pharmacy

Why Buy Liberty Bonds?

By DARWIN P. KINGSLEY

President, New York Life Insurance Co.

WHY do you save to build a home? It is usually cheaper to pay rent.

Why do you plan to give your children a good education? Will you get any money-dividends from that?

Why do you pay fire insurance premiums and life insurance premiums? You personally will get little if anything from that.

Why do you call the doctor quickly if the children are ailing? You don't stop to think whether you can afford it. Do you?

None of these expenditures are what we call good investments. They don't pay in money, yet all pay the finest of dividends.

Liberty Bonds represent the home, the school, the children, they represent all the great deeds of our fathers and grandfathers; they represent Bunker Hill and Yorktown and Gettysburg; they represent the blessed freedom under which we all live and they also represent the ORDER that makes freedom blessed.

They represent the boys "over there;" they represent devastated Belgium and homeless Serbia and murdered Armenia.

They are the defense that shall keep from our shores the monster criminals who outraged the women of Belgium and Northern France and made the men slaves;

They represent the strength that shall restore Belgium and rebuild France and avenge Serbia;

They are the voice of those who are too young or too old or too weak to fight; they are the sword of the women and the cannon of the children; they are the voice of a free people calling to cruelly wronged, freedom-loving men and bringing them succor.

Buy them? Of course you will buy them. You'll borrow to buy them.

You don't need to be urged. You would be ashamed to go home to your children if you did not buy them.

The rate of interest is important but not of first importance. They would pay, they would appeal to you, if they bore no interest whatever.

Add to the rate of interest the dividends they pay in self interest, in safety, in public order, in liberty and law and you have a larger return than you receive from any other thing that you own.

They will never become "scraps of paper."
They are the best secured investment in the world.

You Stand Behind Them *You* Should Buy Them

THIS SPACE PAID FOR AND CONTRIBUTED BY

THE BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN OF MARYVILLE

NOAH OF ARK FAME AND LIBERTY BONDS

People Didn't Believe the Flood Was Coming Else Bible Ship Would Have Carried Big Crowd

(By Fred C. Kelly, humorist and author of "Up and Down the Avenue").

When Noah went to work on the blue prints for the ark he was handicapped in whatever effort he made to arouse popular interest in his enterprise, inasmuch as the sky had not yet begun to cloud up. If the storm that was to come had threatened, or been even predicted by competent weather experts a few weeks in advance, Noah not ony would have been a hero for his farsightedness, but he could have floated stock for a whole squadron of arks. I venture to say that once the big rain got well started and people saw that it was going to be not a mere shower but a humdinger, breaking all spring records, they would gladly have bought ark bonds, redeemable at maturity, to the full limit of their resources and no questions asked—if only they could be carried along to safety.

The man who would have quibbled about the expense, if offered a chance to buy first-class passage on the ark just before it sailed, would have been unceremoniously kicked to one side for blocking the aisle.

The only thing, I repeat, that prevented people from clamoring for reservations on the ark, weeks in advance, was the fact that they didn't believe any flood was coming. Today we have no such excuse for not buying Liberty Bonds. We KNOW the war is here. We know, too, what kind of people we are fighting—what kind of treacherous, merciless, double-crossing bullies we would be obliged to deal with if the enemy should be victorious. Victory is a bargain, no matter how much it costs. Mere money would hold small charm if Teutonic autocracy should prevail in the world. For the world would not be fit for a self-respecting human to live in. Compared with having a Prussian officer with an arrogant strut and a peak-shaped head standing on my street telling me where I may go and what I may think and what my boy may be permitted to believe when he grows up—

Compared with that sort of thing, I started to say, being drowned in a historic flood is a trifling hardship. The man who refuses to buy Liberty Bonds is still more stupid than the fellow who refused to pay his last penny, if need be, to get aboard the ark. It is too bad those two couldn't have been personally acquainted. They doubtless would have enjoyed each other's company.

Thieves may break in and moths may corrupt but a Liberty Bond is as solid as Plymouth Rock and as honest as the Declaration of Independence. If it goes down, our government goes down with it, and then your money wouldn't do you any good anyway. If you had kept it stored up it would be confiscated by a gentleman in a spiked helmet with spiked mustaches and a spiked way of saying "Verboten" to practically everything you wanted to do.

As long as the Stars and Stripes float the Liberty Bond will be alert [illegible] by every inch of our soil, by every shred of our traditions, its promise to pay is predicated on every ship that flies our flag, on every pennyweight of railroad iron in our land, on every peppercorn in our granaries, on every dollar of our circulation, on every rod of navigable river, on every furlong of highway, on every gill of water in every American harbor, on every pebble in the Rocky Mountains, on every blade of growing grain, on everything that we, as a people, own and ever have owned and ever shall own. And, while we are on the subject, I might add that it is predicated on something more besides. It is predicated on Bunker Hill; on Independence Hall; on the little apple tree at Appomattox; on the cornerstone of a building at Washington, D. C., called the National Capitol. A man who wouldn't be satisfied with that collateral would not risk a pewter dime for the hope of eternal salvation.

Don't wait for somebody else to take your share of the best investment that is open to a patriot. Our great Revolutionary granddaddies weren't that sort. Their motto wasn't "Let George do it." They helped George do it!

Don't sell Uncle Sam short. Don't be a bear on the Old Glory market. Don't make your own country ashamed of you.

Buy a Liberty Bond.

OPERATIONS PLANNED FOR SERVICE MEN NOW UNFIT

Cleveland, O., April 12.—According to announcement made here by W. H. Keeling, secretary of the main draft board of this city, six hundred or more of the city's selective service men in Class 1-A will get free operations placing them in perfect health. More than 200 men have already been found physically unfit for military service.

PRESIDENT'S WIFE KNITS OWN SWEATERS FOR GOLF

Washington, April 12. — President and Mrs. Wilson wear khaki-colored sweaters now when they play golf. Both garments were knitted from the same yarn by Mrs. Wilson.

BETTER THAN CALOMEL

Thousands Have Discovered Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a Harmless Substitute.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—the substitute for calomel — are a mild but sure laxative, and their effect on the liver is almost instantaneous. They are the result of Dr. Edwards' determination not to treat liver and bowel complaints with calomel. His efforts to banish it brought out these little olive-colored tablets.

These pleasant little tablets do the good that calomel does, but have no bad after effects. They don't injure the teeth like strong liquids or calomel. They take hold of the trouble and quickly correct it. Why cure the liver at the expense of the teeth? Calomel sometimes plays havoc with the gums. So do strong liquids. It is best not to take calomel, but to let Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets take its place.

Most headaches, "dullness" and that lazy feeling come from constipation and a disordered liver. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets when you feel "loggy" and "heavy." Note how they "clear" clouded eyes and how they "perk up" the spirits. 10c and 25c a box. All druggists.

At This Stage of the Tractor Business

You should buy a tractor that has an established reputation—one that you can see in operation on your neighbor's farm, and one that not only gives satisfaction to you in usefulness, but that you can sell in case you have no further use for it.

The 10-20 Titan is a practical size machine for this territory, and one that fills the above qualifications.

We have the machines on hand—come in and talk it over with us.

W. W. Jones & Company

We have everything else in farm machinery, too

OPEN YOUR SAVINGS ACCOUNT NOW!

Lay the foundation of your fortune by opening a savings account today.

Deposits of one dollar and upward received in our savings department.

Interest Paid Twice a Year
Oldest Bank in the County.

4% ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS

NODAWAY VALLEY BANK
A Bank of Savings Maryville, Mo.

HUNDREDS DONATE

(Continued from page 1.)

heirlooms, furniture and farm implements are included in the offerings.

The following additional donations are reported today:

F. H. French—Seed popcorn; two glasses jelly.

Mrs. Mary C. Hantz—1 quart pickles; 1 quart strawberries; 1 pair of hand embroidered pillow cases.

Eldon L. Job—½ gallon navy beans.

Mrs. Wm. Job—½ gallon cherries; ½ gallon strawberries.

Mrs. J. D. Nelson—1 sun bonnet; 1 apron.

Wm. Linneman—1 foot stool.

Mrs. Rankin Lyle—1 coin 100 years old.

Mrs. Bert K. Lewis, Ravenwood—1½ gallon canned beans.

Mrs. W. L. McFarland—1 bushel of potatoes; 1 gallon shelled popcorn.

Mrs. A. L. Taylor—1 white Wyandotte hen.

Miss Allie Worst—1 jar of damson preserves.

Mrs. I. Worst—1 jar tomato preserves.

Mrs. N. C. Covey—1 jar pickles.

Mrs. Frona Stevenson—2 quarts of Spanish pickles.

E. W. Stevenson—1 setting single comb Minorca eggs.

Mrs. Chas. Porter—2 hens.

Mrs. V. A. Guthrie—1 bushel potatoes; 1 sack popcorn.

Mrs. S. E. Fisher—3 dozen eggs; 1 can tomatoes.

Mrs. E. McDowell—1 hen.

Mrs. A. E. Cockayne—1 hen; 2 doz. eggs.

Mrs. J. C. F. Taylor—2 hens.

Nellie Nunnelly—1 hen.

Mrs. Chas. Carmichael—1 hen.

Mrs. Robert Sawyers—1 doz. eggs.

Mrs. John Dragoo—1 hen.

Frank Reynolds—1 gallon cherries.

F. R. Marcell—1 bushel potatoes.

Mrs. V. W. Conley—1 setting R. I. Red eggs.

Mrs. J. J. Lacy—1 bushel potatoes.

C. B. Conrad—1 incubator.

Mrs. Lloyd Martin—2 hens.

Peter Myers—1 bushel potatoes.

Mrs. Joseph Stark—2 bottles horseradish.

Henry Smock—1 pure bred White Rock hen.

Wm. Linneman—1seat for dressing table.

Mrs. Lloyd Geist—hand made yoke.

Mrs. Tindall—1 quart grapes; 1 quart tomatoes.

Mrs. R. D. Jones—1 quart beet pickles; 1 quart cherries.

Mrs. C. B. Roberts—2 quarts preserves.

Geo. McMurry — 1 Goodyear tire 34 x 4.

Albert Seipel—$5.00.

Geo. Martin—$10.00.

Wm. Knepper—$10.00.

Sam Dempsey—$5.00.

Wm. Dempsey—$5.00.

Wood Martin—$5.00.

S. Gingrich—½ bushel of apples; 1 bushel of potatoes; $2.00.

Mrs. J. A. Spiers—1 hand painted bread plate.

Mrs. Chas. Alexander—$1.00.

Mrs. L. A. Denny—½ gallon corn salad.

Mrs. Annie Messenger—2 quarts of cherries; 2 quarts beets.

Mrs. Leo Strong—1 can corn salad, 2 yards crocheted lace.

Mrs. Geo. Isenman—2 quarts beet pickles; 1 pint relish; 1 pint chilli sauce.

Mrs. Dave Heflin—3 Single Comb White Leghorn chickens; 2 doz. eggs.

Mrs. Jim Scowden—1 bushel apples.

Mrs. Victor Wray—1 bu. potatoes.

Mrs. Dick McMahon—2 settings of eggs.

Mrs. Van Stitts—1 bushel corn.

Mrs. John Whitehead—½ gallon of grapes.

Home Bakery—1 sack potatoes.

Mrs. Dick Strong—1 jar beet pickles.

Mrs. Jas. Braniger—1 can plums.

Mrs. W. E. Goforth — ½ gallon of cherries.

Mrs. C. W. Thorp—$2.00.

Mrs. C. H. Booth—½ gallon mustard pickles.

Mrs. M. E. Farrar—5 aprons.

Mrs. Wayne Judah—Hen and eggs.

Mrs. M. L. Clinkenbread—Canned fruit.

Frank Gray—Eggs.

Mrs. M. L. Purviance—4 dozen eggs.

Mrs. S. A. Muse—$5.00.

Mrs. W. P. Nicholas—Jelly.

O. M. Gray—$20.00.

Nichols Grodery—1 case of peas, Fifth Avenue brand.

Mrs. D. N. Scott—½ gallon peaches.

Mrs. W. A. Smith—1 jar fruit.

Mrs. Saunders—1 jar fruit.

Mrs. Ida Barton—½ gallon beet pickles.

Mrs. J. W. Herndon—2 jars canned fruit.

Mrs. C. F. Remus—1 jar canned fruit.

Mrs. J. Z. Curnutt — Home made bread.

Mrs. Albert Mercer—½ gallon tomatoes; 1 quart raspberries.

Mrs. R. P. Moore—6 loaves of home-made bread.

Mrs. Newt Hagin—1 can peaches.

Mrs. Carl Wiles—3 dozen eggs.

Mrs. Arthur Wiley—½ gallon honey.

Arthur Wiley—1 veal calf.

A. B. Dowden—1 male pig eligible to record.

J. L. and Dale Partridge—1 fat hog, weight 300 pounds.

Clarence Dowden—25 bushels oats.

J. R. Dowden—1 heifer calf.

G. S. Horn—1 bushel potatoes.

J. B. Taylor & Son—1 hog.

Con O'Connell—2 hens; 2 doz. eggs.

Fred Killarn—$1.00.

Ernest Wray—$15.00.

A. J. Moberly—$7.50.

Mrs. W. F. Mason—1 hand made yoke.

Mrs. J. H. Thorp—½ gallon spiced crabs.

Mrs. R. C. Holliday—1 qt. peaches.

Mrs. R. M. Barry—1 quart grape preserves.

Mrs. Tom McDonald—3 dozen eggs.

Mrs. James Blagg—$5.00.

Mrs. Lydia Wilkinson—25 cents.

Mrs. John Neal—2 dozen eggs.

Mrs. E. W. Willoughby—½ bushel potatoes.

Mrs. E. T. Dale—1 quart grape marmalade; 2 quarts tomatoes.

G. H. Neal—1 steer calf.

Mrs. Miranda Miller—$10.00.

Miss Rose Frazee—1 can corn; 1 can corn salad.

Miss Kate Allen—1 combing jacket.

D. O. Shipps—1 bushel potatoes; ½ gallon apple butter.

Mrs. F. C. Kelley—1 bushel potatoes; 2 dozen eggs.

Mrs. Levi Wallace—5 dozen eggs; 1 cake.

Mrs. J. J. Farrar—1 crocheted yoke.

Mrs. George McArthur—½ gallon cherries; ½ gallon peaches.

Mrs. W. T. Doyle—1 quart tomato preserves; 1 quart apple preserves.

Mrs. Guy Aley—1 pound butter.

Mrs. F. M. Compton—1 loaf cake.

Mrs. Ray Taylor—1 pound honey.

Kittie Taylor—1 pound honey.

Mrs. Ed Moore—2 crocheted yokes.

Mrs. Geo. Anderson—1 can grapes; 1 jar sweet tomato pickles; 1 cucumber sweet pickles.

H. England—25 hedge posts.

Mrs. H. England—1 gallon mixed pickles.

Mrs. Mary Ackerman — 1 dresser scarf.

Mrs. R. G. Richey—1 quilt.

Wallace Bros.—1 bushel seed corn.

Mrs. Ida Adle—6 quarts fruit.

George Wallace—1 setting R. I. Red eggs.

Jos. Jackson, Jr.—1 Jersey heifer calf.

Mrs. Wm. Bredenbeck—2 doz. eggs; cheese.

Mrs. Ralph Pierpoint—2 settings of R. I. Red eggs; hen and rooster.

Mrs. C. E. Jones—½ gallon tomatoes; 1 pound butter.

Mrs. John Evans—2 settings brown Leghorn eggs.

A. J. McKillip—1 shoat.

Wm. Mozingo—1 bushel seed corn.

Peter Michaelson—10 dozen eggs.

Dan McKillip—1 bushel potatoes; 1 peck seed corn.

C. A. Barman—1 shoat.

Mrs. Mike Lahr—1 quart cherries; 1 quart fruit.

Mrs. C. A. Lawler—1 peck potatoes; 1 quart fruit.

Josephine Allen—1 chicken.

Mrs. Howard Whaley—1 dozen eggs; 1 quart fruit.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Martin—1 cake.

Mrs. Feree—1 peck potatoes.

L. R. Holt—1 Janeville riding cultivator.

Mrs. J. L. Leech—1 baby chair.

Frank Dinsmore—$5.00.

Wm. Farnan—$5.00.

J. F. Spelter—$5.00.

E. H. Finn—$5.00.

Mrs. Jake Sutterly—1 hen.

L. G. Upschulte—1 case ginger ale.

Elmer Fraser—½ bushel mixed soy beans; ¼ bushel re-cleaned sweet clover seed.

Mrs. Dave Moore—1 can strawberries.

Bickett & Auffert—1 setting single comb Minorca eggs; 1 jar fruit.

Eugene Rathbun—1 bushel White Cap 90-day seed corn.

Mrs. Warren Jones—1 jar mixed pickles.

Mrs. Robert Craven—1 can home made sausage; 1 can raspberries.

Mrs. George Fred Davis—1 setting pure bred Buff Wyandotte eggs.

Mrs. O. W. Swinford—2 cans fruit.

Mrs. Phil Ridgeway—$5.00.

Mrs. T. F. Knox—1 pair white rabbits.

Mrs. W. J. Osburn—Crocheted pillow top.

Mrs. Eldon Lloyd—1 setting R. I. Red eggs.

Mrs. O. D. Walker—1 jar pickled beets; can tomatoes.

Mrs. Mose Hahn—1 White Rock hen.

Mrs. Lester Sipes—Canned fruit.

Mrs. Omar Wallace—Fruit.

Miss Maggie Dougan—Fruit.

Mrs. E. Barrett—Canned fruit.

Mrs. W. G. Gross—Canned fruit.

Mrs. E. Pizean—25 cents.

Mrs. L. R. Kelly—1 quart fruit.

L. R. Kelley—2 dozen eggs.

Mrs. W. R. Tilson—1 pound butter.

Mrs. Martin Lewis—1 hand embroidered towel; 1 dozen eggs.

Mrs. Levi Smith—½ bushel good seed corn.

Mrs. Lambert—$1.00.

Mrs. Asa Broyles—1 hen.

Mrs. Mary F. Slawson—2 gallons of lard.

Mrs. Chas. Broyles—1 hen; setting of duck eggs.

Mrs. Ora Keever—1 setting White Rock eggs.

Mrs. Roy Slawson—2 hens; 2 settings Barred Rock eggs.

Mrs. J. A. Brane—1 can pears; 1 jar apple butter.

Mrs. H. C. Smith—1 can strawberries; 1 jar pickles; 1 jar jelly.

Mrs. J. C. Updegraff—2 gallons of popcorn; ½ gallon tomatoes; ½ gallon peaches; ½ gallon pickles.

White Cloud auxiliary is at the front as usual when it comes to raising money. All the members have responded either in the form of a good healthy donation or money, as follows:

Mrs. Nancy Moore—$5.00.

Mrs. C. N. Johnson—$5.00.

Mrs. Harry Bartlett—1 bu. potatoes.

Mrs. Charles Dane — —1 cut glass pitcher.

Mrs. Pleas Bolin—1 jar plums.

Mrs. James Crenmons—½ bushel apples.

Mrs. C. T. Frost—3 dozen eggs.

Mrs. E. E. Bolin—Fruit.

Mrs. Charity A. Karr—Fruit.

Mrs. R. M. Evans—2 settings single comb Brown Leghorn eggs.

Mrs. Harry Wamsley—1 sack potatoes.

Mrs. Matt Ross—Fruit.

Mrs. Granville Gray—setting White Plymouth Rock eggs.

Mrs. Roy Debord—1 bushel apples.

Mrs. C. H. Rice—Butter.

Mrs. O. D. Walker—2 dozen eggs.

Miss Dollie Thompson—1 crocheted yoke.

Miss Marguerite Bolin—1 jar of mixed pickles.

Miss Gertrude Icke—1 jar pickles.

Miss Ida Shinabarger—Fruit.

Mrs. Raymond Jones.

Mrs. Will Bracken.

Mrs. J. D. Bolin—2 settings single comb White Leghorn eggs.

APPEAL TO FARMERS

(Continued from page 1.)

has now put these loans in such convenient form that there is no citizen in the land who can not help to some extent if he is patriotic enough to do so. I rely upon the farmers, than whom there are no more vitally interested in protecting America's future and the liberty of the world to do their utmost to help in this great Liberty Loan work.

"The farmers are already performing patriotic service of the highest value in raising the food stuffs needed by our own military forces and citizens at home and by the soldiers and civilian populations of the great nations associated with us. They have a further duty to perform. They should invest all their available money in the obligations of their government. In doing so they will not only benefit themselves by saving this money but will be helping to defend aggressions of the most powerful autocratic and military government ever created. The farmers of the nation traditionally are freedom-loving people. One hundred and forty-three years ago on the 19th of this month the farmers at Lexington and Concord fired the first shot for liberty and it was heard around the world. I know that the American farmers of today are just as liberty-loving as their heroic ancestors. I know that they will join with other Americans of every business and profession in providing the money which will enable their government to fight to a victorious conclusion this great war for liberty, justice and America's sacred rights."

J. M. WORLEY,
Director of Publicity, Third Liberty Loan Committee.

Forum-ettes

"Glass in Buns Causes Illness at Camp," read a headline the other day. "Buns" in glasses also have been known to cause indisposition.

Somebody who understands the chicken language ought to explain to the city rooster that he should turn his clock ahead an hour if he wants to continue to annoy the neighbors by crowing an hour too early.

A White Cloud farmer says his fool cows can't understand this more daylight plan of the government. He says they refuse to come home an hour earlier in the evening.

In the old Civil War days when a general was whipped he said so. Now he "retires in the face of a superior force to defenses prepared in advance."

A man will brave most any kind of weather to get to the kind of a show he likes, but it don't take much of a disturbance of the elements to keep him away from prayer meeting.

The world is made up of about half saints and half sinners, and the cross the saints have to bear is having to worry about what is going to become of the sinners.

"What do you think of the army as far as you have gone?" we asked a friend back from Funston on furlough the other day. "I may like it after awhile," he replied, "but just now I think there is too much drilling and fussing around between meals."

"I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club this afternoon," we heard a Maryville woman tell her husband, as we walked home behind them the other evening. Stopping, and with a look of astonishment, he replied, "I can't believe it, my dear. Who outspoke you?"

SCHOOL CONTESTS TONIGHT

Elimination Events to Determine Winners for Sub-district Contests Will be Held

The declamatory contests to determine the winners for the sub-district contests will be held tonight at the high school, instead of last night, as was erroneously stated in yesterday's Democrat-Forum. The program follows:

HIGH SCHOOL TONIGHT
PROGRAM.

Music ..... "When Day Fades"
Girls' Glee Club
Extemporaneous Speech—
Creston Maul
Extemporaneous Speech—
Virgil Borrusch
Music—Patriotic Medley—Mixed Quar
Cleona Kirch, Inez Moore
Martin Penisten, Verne Moore
Extemporaneous Speech—
Chas. Bellows
Extemporaneous Speech—
Martin Penisten
Music—Trio—
"Just a Wearying for You".....
Lee Maier, Ralph Yehle,
Russell Allen
Extemporaneous Speech—
Ruth Hankins
Extemporaneous Speech—
Annice Neal
Music—Solo—
"I Love the Old Dolls Best".....
Sterrill Bishop
Extemporaneous Speech—
Lucile Wiley
Extemporaneous Speech—
Hester De Neen
Music—Girls' Sextette—
"Kentucky Babe".....
Blanche Alexander, Mary M. Condon
Annice Neal, Leska Wray, Russell
Allen, Lee Maier, Ralph Yehle
Solo—
"The Land Where the Good Songs Go" ..... Leska Wray
Duet—....."Hark to the Mandolin
Odessa Wells, Annice Neal

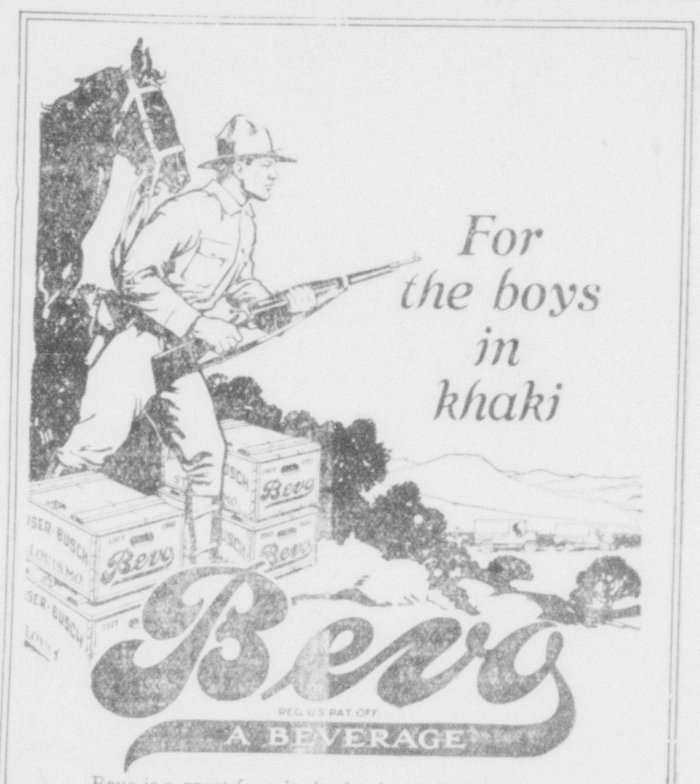
Maryville Girl Couldn't Stand Clothes to Touch Her

"My father got me a bottle of Mayr's Wonderful Remedy for stomach trouble and I am feeling so much better since taking it. My stomach was so painful I couldn't stand my clothes to touch me." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucous from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded. Maryville Drug Co.

SEED CORN
FOR SALE

200 bushels, 3 miles southeast of Parnell, tested ear by ear by County Superintendent Bert Cooper and his assistants at 96 per cent. 86 per bushel tip and shell. If reference is needed, call U. S. Wright. Any party wanting to see this corn after it is tipped and ready to shell, can do so by driving over.

C. A. LYLE
Parnell, Mo.



Bevo is a great favorite in the Army Canteens, where none but pure, soft drinks may be sold. After drill or march, you are sure to see a long line of hot and dusty-throated soldier boys making a bee line for Bevo. They know that there lies complete satisfaction, full refreshment and pure wholesomeness.

At home or abroad—at work or play—between meals or with meals, you will appreciate what we have done for you in making this triumph in soft drinks.

You will find Bevo at inns, restaurants, groceries, department and drug stores, picnic grounds, baseball parks, soda fountains, dining cars, in the navy, at canteens, at mobilization camps and other places where refreshing beverages are sold.

Bevo—the all-year-'round soft drink

Guard against substitutes. Have the bottle opened in front of you, first seeing that the seal is unbroken and that the crown top bears the Fox. Sold in bottles only, and bottled exclusively by

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS

L. G. UPSCHULTE
Dealer MARYVILLE, MO.

13L

Watch Your Blood Supply, Don't Let Impurities Creep In

Pure Blood Means Perfect Health.

The average druggist has handled hundreds of medicines in his day, some of which have long since been forgotten.

But there is one that has been sold by the druggists throughout this country, for more than fifty years, and that is S. S. S., the reliable blood medicine, that is purely vegetable. Many druggists have seen wonderful results accomplished among their customers by this great old medicine, and they know that S. S. S. is one of the most reliable blood purifiers ever made. Keep your blood free of impurities by the use of this honest old medicine, and if you want medical advice, you can obtain same without cost by writing to Medical Director, Swift Specific Co., 28 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

There is a meat market in Maryville
For all the folks who know
A market for particular people
Who want their meat just so.

And whether it be a roast
A steak or chops to fry,
A ham, a slab of bacon—
This is the place to buy.

Reimer's Market
Auto Livery
Phone Hanamo 186. Farmers 232

Ralston Purina
Chick---Scratch---Chowder
Feeds
Sold by

REMUS MERCANTILE CO. L. S. BYERS
N. SCHUMACHER & SONS R. S. BRANIGER
MARYVILLE FEED & MILLING CO.

Society and Clubland

By MISS LUTA MOODY
Hanamo 42. Farmers 114.

Women to the Fore.

(By Albert W. Atwood, financial writer for the Saturday Evening Post)

The day seems to have passed when woman's education consisted of piano lessons and a little polite French. Now she studies biology, psychology and all the other ologies. In this great and radical change in the position of woman it will not do to overlook the change in her relation to money matters. It is no longer unwomanly to know something about money. Feminine charm is not diminished by knowing the difference between a bond and a share of stock.

Millions of women earn their living today. Hundreds of thousands have independent means and must decide for themselves in affairs financial. More and more of the wives, mothers and sisters not only spend the household money, but are consulted by the men when an investment is to be made. It matters not whether the investment consists of a victrola, an automobile or a bond. It is said men do not take their wives into their confidence when they gamble or take a flyer, but it is also said that deception in these matters does not pay.

So there is every material reason why women should do their part and more in floating the Liberty Bonds. Indeed a woman recognizes a gold dollar just as quick as a man, and when it pays good interest in addition she is not going to turn it down. But there is more than a purely business and selfish side to the women of this country. They have surprised even themselves with their executive ability and powers of business organization. The Red Cross and every other variety of relief work has been in its detail largely the result of woman's effort.

Behind the lines women are prosecuting the war on a tremendous scale. There are millions of men as well as women who can not fight in the trenches, who can not even drive motor trucks or work in munition factories. There are some people who can not even successfully raise a vegetable garden, but there is not an adult man or woman outside the poorhouse and the hospital who can not either buy or help to sell a Liberty Bond. It is the least they can do.

Slumber Party.

Miss Ruby Davis entertained with a slumber party at her home in Guilford Wednesday night in honor of Miss Cletta Rasco, who leaves next week for her new home in Canada. Those in the party were: Misses Cletta Rasco, Ruble Ellis, Lora Thompson, Edith Anderson, Garnet Campbell, Golda Hagan, Ruby Davis and Bernice Hildebrandt.

Farewell Surprise Party.

A number of neighbors and friends gave a farewell party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ibe Rasco of Guilford, who leave soon for Canada to make their home. The event was a surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Rasco. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Tobe Hannah, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Holaday, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hughes, Tom Hughes and family, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lemaster and son, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Lemaster, Mr. and Mrs. J. McGeorge, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Hugh Ellis, Mrs. Will McCoppin, Mrs. Sarah Wilson, Misses Ora Bell, Blanch and Edith Holaday.

Will Hold Meetings at School House.

The Herron Home Making auxiliary of the Red Cross met Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Nellie Manley. Two sewing machines were kept busy during the day making triangular bandages. At the noon hour dinner was served in cafeteria style to the following members and guests: Mrs. J. C. F. Taylor, Mrs. S. E. Fisher, Mrs. J. N. Manley, Mrs. Lou Rogers, Mrs. Ernest McDowell, Mrs. Charles Porter, Mrs. Walter Taylor, Mrs. Tab McDowell, Mrs. Hazelrigg, Mrs. Nellie Manley, Mrs. Virgil Guthrie, Misses Mary Taylor, Nellie Fisher, Esther Neidel, Mr. Hazelrigg and Vern Manley. The next meeting will be held Wednesday afternoon, April 17, at the Herron school house and everyone interested in Red Cross work and wishing to help is cordially invited to come. These meetings will be held on Wednesday afternoon of each week throughout the summer.

For Ravenwood Seniors.

Professor and Mrs. Wesley Baker of Ravenwood entertained the members of the senior class of the high school last night at their home. Dainty refreshments of ice cream and wafers in pink and white were served by the hostess. Games and music were the diversion of the evening. Those present were: Margaret Davenport, Rex Bond, Eldon Steiger, Jennie Anderson, Eva Loomis, Knelem Thrasher, Miss Mary Lewis, Miss Helen Waske and the host and hostess.

WHAT IS THE LIBERTY LOAN?

(By R. E. McMillin, Boston poet and writer).

It's forts and it's ships and it's shining guns. It's squadrons that sweep the sea. It's all of the circling bands of steel that shall keep the home shore free. It's grub and it's warmth for the sailor lad, far out on the wintry foam—for the brave jack tar, as he fights afar, it's the good old "Money from Home."

What is the Liberty Loan?

It's rifle and helm and bayonet, it's shovel and shard and shell, for the soldier boy in the olive drab, out there on the edge of hell. It's the soaring wings of the whirring planes that battle on high alone. For the lad who is daring "Over There" it's the good old "Money from Home."

What is the Liberty Loan?

It's succor and life for a bleeding world. It's the glimmer of peace at dawn. It's the strength of a mighty army to strike. It's the gleam of a great sword drawn, but, more than all, it's the pledge of love to the lads whom we call "Our Own," to the boys on land, afloat, on high, it's the good old "Money from Home."

BUY THAT LIBERTY BOND TODAY

Ravenwood News

Miss Nellie Lee Sims, Correspondent

J. B. Judd visited his brother, Prof. W. J. Judd of Stanberry, last week.

Mrs. H. T McMulin and daughter, Vira, were Maryville visitors this week.

Mrs. Wm. Morton underwent a surgical operation at St. Francis hospital Monday and is reported to be doing nicely.

Miss Verna Wiseman is visiting her cousin, Miss Beulah Morton, this week.

Tuesday evening, April 9, the Eastern Star initiated two candidates and spent an hour in social intercourse and serving refreshments.

Mrs. Emma Fryar was stricken with paralysis Tuesday morning, but her condition is somewhat improved at present.

Mrs. John Slagle, who is at the home of her daughter, Mrs. T. Holtslaw, is confined with rheumatism.

Willard Hickman of Oklahoma spent Wednesday with his uncle, J T. Larmer.

Rev. Wetzel was called to Savannah Wednesday by the illness of his wife, who is visiting her parents there. Dr. Hunterson, who accompanied him, reports that while suffering from some complications her condition is not serious.

The Union Red Cross auxiliary will held a public sale on the streets of Ravenwood, Saturday, April 20. All donations will be gratefully received.

WENT INTO DITCH

Quartet in Auto Narrowly Escaped a Serious Accident

David Zarn, Earl Baublitt, Olen Shelton and Virgil Grooms narrowly escaped a serious accident last night when they drove off a bridge about three miles east of Burlington Junction. The car, a Buick six, belonged to young Grooms, and was badly damaged. The boys were badly bruised and shaken up but were not seriously hurt.

A BIG OKLAHOMA FIRE.

Sulphur, Okla., April 12.—Almost all the business section of the city was wiped out today by a fire. The loss is estimated at $360,000.

Read Democrat-Forum Want Ads.

HOTELS IN STATE PATRIOTIC

Few Reports of Violation of Rules and Regulations Have Been Received By the Food Administration

Columbia, April 12. — Fifty-seven restaurants in New York were closed for one day recently for violating the meatless Tuesday regulations of the food administration, but not a single hotel or public eating place in Missouri has been penalized for violation of the regulations providing for observance of meatless and wheatless days. A few reports of such violations have been made to the office of the state food administration, but investigation showed the charges were unfounded.

Practically all hotels and restaurants in the state have signed cards pledging themselves to observe strictly the rules and regulations of the food administration. The work of obtaining these pledges has been going on for several weeks.

"Hotels and restaurants in Missouri have responded to our request for pledges in a gratifying manner," said T. J. Talbert, who has had this work in charge. "The proprietors have proved themselves loyal and patriotic. Observance of meatless and wheatless days have resulted in a huge saving in this state. We have received only a few complaints against hotels and restaurants. In most cases those making the complaint had been misinformed."

Knights of Columbus Notice.

Maryville Council Knights of Columbus will hold a meeting in Clyde hall at Cyde, Mo., Sunday, April 14 at 2:30 p. m. All Brother Knights invited to attend.

W. LINNEMAN, G. K.
A. C. CUMMINS, Fin. Sec.

Read Democrat-Forum Want Ads.

J & K

Pumps and Oxfords
for summer
that bear the mark of
style.
In these shoes have been
incorporated with lovliness
and faultless fitting
many touches of daintiness
and dignity and will give
the utmost satisfaction
to the wearer.

J & K
—of course

Montgomery
Shoe Company

A meat shop where you can
secure any cut of the very highest
qualyity of Prime Beef, Pork and Lamb
and be absolutely assured that you are
getting full value, honest weight, and strict
cleanliness.

Upon a policy of trustworthiness has the
STAPLER MARKET been built and upon that
policy will it continue to grow.

Stapler's Market

CHERRY PIES TO FIGHT HUNS

Junior Red Cross Workers in Rural Communities Raise Funds With Socials and Auctions

Special to The Democrat-Forum.

St. Louis, April 12.—Every child of school age in many counties of Missouri, Kansas and Texas is fighting the kaiser through the agency of the Junior Red Cross. School children have been joining the Red Cross since the Junior campaign started early in February and it is hoped that within a short time, perhaps before the city schools close for the summer, every school will be 100 per cent Red Cross.

In many rural communities unique schemes were put into use to raise money to pay the membership fees of the Juniors. Johnson county, Kansas, wanted its schools to be 100 per cent and hit upon the plan of holding cherry pie socials and auctions. Women all over the countryside baked cherry pies and the hundreds who attended the social bid spiritedly for the delicious pastry. Twenty-five hundred dollars was raised in that manner. Judges of a contest voted a prize to an old woman of 85 for the best pie. A man, also 85 years old, bought her pie for $12.50.

Many rural schools have closed that the boys and girls may stay on the farm and put in their hardest licks against the kaiser both in producing and conserving food. In towns and cities children are knitting, making thrift gardens, making Red Cross packing boxes and doing a dozen other things that will help shorten the war. Their activities will be increased more than 100 per cent with the closing of [illegible] with a few weeks.

Former Resident Dies.

Miss Scott Briggs, 35 years old, who formerly lived at 223 West Third street, died Wednesday at Joplin, Mo. Besides her mother, Mrs. O. S. Briggs, two brothers, G. W. Briggs and A. H. Briggs, and one sister, Miss Pearl Briggs, all of Kansas City, survive her. Funeral services were at C. L. Forster's undertaking rooms, Kansas City, at 10 o'clock this morning.

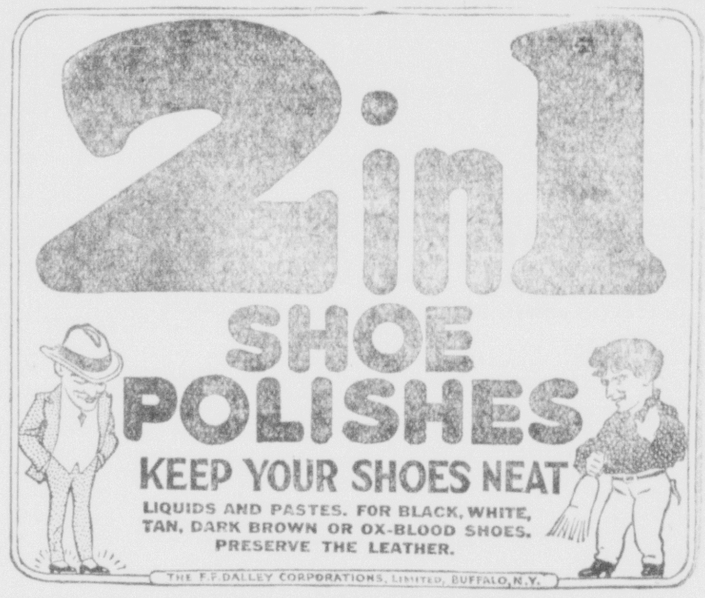
Read Democrat-Forum Want Ads.

Services at Barnard Church.

Rev. Mr. Olsen, pastor of the Barnard M. E. church, will conduct the morning services at that church on Sunday morning, April 14, and Dr. J. R. Harper of St. Joseph will have charge Sunday evening. There will be special music at both services by the Sunday school orchestra. A cordial invitation is extended to every one.

Miss Eva Farrar left today for Greenfield, Ia., to visit for some time at the home of Miss Fay Culverson.

Read Democrat-Forum Want Ads.


2 in 1
SHOE POLISHES
KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT
LIQUIDS AND PASTES. FOR BLACK, WHITE, TAN, DARK BROWN OR OX-BLOOD SHOES. PRESERVE THE LEATHER.
THE F.F. DALLEY CORPORATIONS, LIMITED, BUFFALO, N.Y.

Fine Dress Ginghams
at 12½c

We have just returned from a successful buying trip and purchased some plums for you. We were very fortunate in securing a fine dress Gingham in all the new Spring Patterns, Plaids, Checks and Stripes beautiful patterns which we will sell for 12 1-2c per yard.

Buy your new Spring and Summer Dress from this Assortment

SILK PETTICOATS are reduced 15 per cent.	FOUR SPOOLS COATS' THREAD 15c Why pay 4c a spool when you can buy 4 for 15c?

Cotton crepe kimonas, $1.98 values for.....$1.65
Our 40 inch fine quality Georgette crepe, only, a yard.....$1.69
Our 40 inch silk crepe de chine, $1.50 a yard value for.....$1.25
36 inch good quality black taffeta, $1.50 value for, a yard.....$1.19
36 inch good quality messaline, black, $1.50 value for, a yard.....$1.19
36 inch fine quality black satin, $2.00 value for, a yard.....$1.50
36 inch fine quality black taffeta, $2.00 values for, a yard.....$1.50
40 inch fine quality Swiss taffeta, $2.50 value for.....$2.10
Ladies' fibre silk hose, black only, a pair.....10c
White domet flannel, 25c value, for a yard.....20c
A big assortment children's gingham dresses—made nifty from beautiful patterns, choice.....92c

SPECIALS IN TOILET REQUISITES

We are the exclusive agents in Maryville for the Perin toilet goods and we guarantee these to be purer than the cut-rate brands sold by cut-rate stores in Maryville. We offer—

Lux at.....11c
Perin 50c face powder.....38c
Perin 25c face powder.....18c
Perin 50c cold cream.....38c
Perin vanishing cream, 50c size for.....38c

The first reduction of the season on ladies' cloth suits. We find we are overstocked on $35.00 suits and offer these values for SATURDAY at.....$27.50

Wool skirts in stripes and plaids—just the right weights for spring wear—we offer these at HALF PRICE.

D. R. Eversole & Son

Protect your buildings at little cost

Any weather-beaten barn that you know of would still be in fine condition if it had been kept painted with

DEVOE *The Guaranteed* BARN PAINT

In two colors: Moss Green and English Red Oxide

This is a mineral paint made in two colors—red and moss green.

It costs very little, and you'll be surprised how much surface a gallon will spread over.

We recommend it for use on barns, fences, roofs and buildings of all kinds where a good preservative is needed at small cost.

Paint Devoe next time you paint.

THE KOCH PHARMACY

Phones 58 Farmers 57

MARYVILLE, MISSOURI

PAINT DEVOE PAINT

Prof. Garrett Leaves.

Hubert Garrett, who for two years has given the best of satisfaction as principal of the Pickering public school, is now at San Antonio, Texas, in Uncle Sam's aviation field, having left last Saturday for that point. A farewell reception was given him Friday at the school building, a basket dinner being served. Prof. Garrett volunteered his services several months ago, and while we lose a good school man, the nation gains a mighty fine soldier. Lyle Hanna, a Maryville Normal student, has been secured to complete the school term here.—Pickering correspondent Hopkins Journal.

BOY, PAGE THE COLONEL.

Danielson, Conn., April 12.—Alexander Duhamel claims to have the only trained bull moose in captivity. He is not a political animal, but a real live representative of the species for which the party that tried to hoist the colonel into the president's chair again was named. The animal has been trained to travel in harness, doing work similar to a horse.

Read Democrat-Forum Want Ads.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

EVERY month we make enough Lucky Strike Cigarettes to reach, end to end, from New York to China, the long way around. That's

15,000,000 A DAY

Regular men like the Lucky Strike Cigarette—good, solid Kentucky Burley tobacco, fine for a cigarette because—

IT'S TOASTED

© Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

10

BACK UP THE BOYS.

(By Carl W. Ackerman, famous war correspondent, who resided in Germany several years).

As far as I have been able to observe in Spain, France and Switzerland the outcome of the great war depends upon the United States. The military situation today is critical. All of Europe is awaiting a German offensive which will continue several weeks and perhaps months. This, I believe, will be the last great attack which Germany will be able to make against our European Allies. We may and we may not have to take part in these operations, but when this offensive ends the United States will be called upon to deal the last blow.

The success of our operations depends not only upon our splendid army, but more upon the backing this army receives at home. The morale of our troops depends upon the determination and earnestness of the American people. And this determination must be expressed in some definite manner. Spain, France and Switzerland are watching the United States to see what the people will do, because it is realized in Europe that the American people themselves determine what their government and army shall do.

The two Liberty Loans in the United States have been very successful, but to my mind Liberty Loans are not to be measured by the amount subscribed alone. The essential thing is that millions of Americans show that they are back of the army by subscribing. I think that more than ten million Americans should subscribe to the third Loan, and if they do the moral effect in Europe and in our expeditionary forces will be tremendous.

And, last but not least, the enemy is watching that loan as carefully as it is watching our military preparations, because the enemy knows that the success of our fighting will depend upon the determination of the men and women "back home."

MARYVILLE MAN LOSES HOPE.

"For ten years I suffered severely from stomach trouble. The doctors said I had cancer of the stomach and nothing would do but an operation. I took my last round of Mayr's Wonderful Remedy 2½ years ago. Since then I sleep well, eat what I want and feel fine." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucous from the intestinal tract, and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded. Maryville Drug Company.

ST. JOE GROCERS PUNISHED

Four Dealers Ordered to Close For One Day For Violation of Food Regulations

Four grocers in St. Joseph have been ordered by the state food administration to close their doors for one day for violating the regulation of the United States food administration requiring a pound of authorized wheat substitutes to be sold with every pound of wheat flour purchased.

An inspector from the state food administration visited St. Joseph last week and found that these four merchants had been selling potatoes, spaghetti, macaroni, beans and breakfast foods, other than oatmeal and rolled oats and rye flour, as substitutes and had been selling flour in excessive quantities. They pleaded ignorance of the proper substitutes which should be used, but this was not accepted as a legitimate excuse.

TO CURB LOSS FROM INSECTS

Four Government Specialists In Entomology Have Been Assigned to Missouri to Aid In Saving Crops

Columbia, April 12. — The United States department of agriculture is placing in the field a large number of extension entomologists in an effort to reduce the enormous loss from insects. Insects take a toll of more than a billion dollars annually from the farmers of this country. An effort will be made during the period of the war especially to save crops and other food supplies from these pests.

Four government specialists have been assigned to Missouri for full or part time in this work. One is devoting his entire time to control of cereal and forage crop insects, one to the control of fruit insects, and one is devoting part time to better bookkeeping, and a fourth is devoting part time to the control of insect pests of live stock. These men will cooperate with the University of Missouri college of agriculture, and farmers who require their services will be able to obtain information of their whereabouts by addressing the college of agriculture at Columbia.

OLD PAPERS for sale at this office.

SWEETHEARTS' INSURANCE NOT FOR AMERICAN GIRLS

Springfield, Ill., April 12.—American girls cannot obtain their soldier-sweetheart's insurance by proxy weddings.

This is the ruling of Attorney General Brundage on the case of a Chicago girl who wished a proxy wedding so that she could obtain her soldier-sweetheart's insurance in the event he was killed in France.

The only way the girl could obtain the insurance was for him to will it to her, Brundage held.

SORE THROAT or Tonsilitis—gargle with warm, salt water then apply—

Keep a Little Body-Guard in Your Home

VICK'S VAPORUB

Eyes Tested Free
Glasses Fitted

We Guarantee Satisfaction.

H. L. Raines
JEWELER OPTICIAN
110 W 3RD ST JUST A STEP PAST MAIN
MARYVILLE, MO.

MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Let us have your subscriptions to any magazine or newspaper at publishers' prices.

D. E. Hotchkin
111 West Third Street
Maryville, Mo.

Special Sale—

Several hundred hardy ever blooming Red Richmond and White Killarney Rose plants, in shape to plant out at once. 10c each as long as they last.

The Engelmann Greenhouses
Phones 17. 1001 So. Main

For Sale—

City properties. Have some bargains from $600 up. Small acreage tracts adjoining city, at bargain. Easy terms. See me quick.

G. B. HOLMES.

Bob

Black jack, coming 4 years old, will make the season 1918 at barn of J. R. Dowden ¾ mile east of Myrtle Tree.

$10.00 to insure living colt. Not responsible for accidents should any occur.

J. R. DOWDEN, Owner.

FOR HATCHING—R. I. R. eggs, 85c per setting; $4.50 per 100. Delivered carefully wrapped at any store in Maryville. Mrs. Ralph Pierpoint. Farmers phone 43-22, Maryville, Mo.

EGGS FOR HATCHING—S. C. Brown Leghorns exclusively for 11 years. The kind that lay. Mrs. J. R. Evans, Maryville, Route 7. Farmers phone 15-13.

SINGLE COMB Brown Leghorn eggs for hatching, $4.00 per hundred, Miller Purvis strain. Mrs. Roland Evans, Maryville, Mo., Route 4. Telephone Arkoe. 14-10*

BARRED ROCK EGGS—$5.00 per hundred. Mrs. S. H. Wells Route 7. Mutu l 44-19.

FULL BLOODED White Wyandotte eggs for sale, $4.50 per 100. Call Mutual phone, Burlington Junction. Mrs. P. D. Nicholas.

EGGS FOR HATCHING—S. C. Buff Orpington eggs, $5.00 per 100; $1.25 per setting. Winter egg laying strain. Mrs. Dillard Palmer, Route 1, both phones.

"OVER THE TOP"

BY AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ☆ ☆

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

©1917 BY ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Firing Squad.

A few days later I had orders to report back to divisional headquarters, about thirty kilos behind the line. I reported to the A. P. M. (assistant provost marshal). He told me to report to billet No. 78 for quarters and rations.

It was about eight o'clock at night and I was tired and soon fell asleep in the straw of the billet. It was a miserable night outside, cold, and a drizzly rain was falling.

About two in the morning I was awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulder. Opening my eyes I saw a regimental sergeant major bending over me. He had a lighted lantern in his right hand. I started to ask him what was the matter, when he put his finger to his lips for silence and whispered:

"Get on your equipment, and, without any noise, come with me."

This greatly mystified me, but I obeyed his order.

Outside of the billet, I asked him what was up, but he shut me up with:

"Don't ask questions, it's against orders. I don't know myself."

It was raining like the mischief.

We splashed along a muddy road for about fifteen minutes, finally stopping at the entrance of what must have been an old barn. In the darkness, I could hear pigs grunting, as if they had just been disturbed. In front of the door stood an officer in a mack (mackintosh). The R. S. M. went up to him, whispered something, and then left. This officer called to me, asked my name, number and regiment, at the same time, in the light of a lantern he was holding, making a notation in a little book.

When he had finished writing, he whispered:

"Go into that billet and wait orders, and no talking. Understand?"

I stumbled into the barn and sat on the floor in the darkness. I could see no one, but could hear men breathing and moving; they seemed nervous and restless. I know I was.

During my wait, three other men entered. Then the officer poked his head in the door and ordered:

"Fall in, outside the billet, in single rank."

We fell in, standing at ease. Then he commanded:

"Squad—'Shun! Number!"

There were twelve of us.

"Right—Turn! Left—Wheel! Quick—March!" And away we went. The rain was trickling down my back and I was shivering from the cold.

With the officer leading, we must have marched over an hour, plowing through the mud and occasionally stumbling into a shell hole in the road,

Buried With Honors.

(Continued on page 7).

Lots of us have found so many ways in which other people can effect a saving that we don't see much use in stinting ourselves to speak of.

Don't get the idea in your head that conserving on fates means that you must quit using elbow grease.

Sheet Music

Have you seen the new pieces of music we are showing?

D. E. HOTCHKIN
111 West Third Street
Maryville, Missouri.

PILES—CURED WITHOUT THE—KNIFE

IS MY LIFE STUDY WITH 19 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

No general anaesthetic, no detention from business. Curable cases guaranteed or it does not cost you one cent. Ask for examination—always FREE. Write for testimonials and we will send you the names of cured patients in your vicinity.

My Next Visit to Maryville Will Be
New Linville Hotel April 16th

THE RADICAL AND NON-SURGICAL INSTITUTE

E. FRANKLIN HIGDON, M. D.
Physician in Charge
118½ North Eighth Street Phone Main 2512 St. Joseph, Mo.

Hopeful or Thoughtful

Many people make the mistake of being hopeful instead of thoughtful in money matters.

They put money into various enterprises without giving them the proper thought and then hope for good results.

Hoping will not get the results that careful thinking will.

You are sure of good results when your surplus is drawing interest in this bank.

Farmers Trust Co.

Geo. L. Wilfley, Pres.
W. C. Pierce, Vice-Pres.
C. D. Bellows, Vice-Pres.
Geo. R. Ellison, Vice-Pres. & Counsel
S. H. Kemp, Cash. & Sec'y
A. K. Frank, Ass't Sec'y
H. D. Snyder, Ass't Sec'y
A. W. Hoover, Attorney

Over the Top

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

Machine Gunner Serving in France

Copyright 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey

(Continued from Page 6.)

when suddenly the officer made a left wheel, and we found ourselves in a sort of enclosed courtyard.

The dawn was breaking and the rain had ceased.

In front of us were four stacks of rifles, three to a stack.

The officer brought us to attention and gave the order to unpile arms. We each took a rifle. Giving us "Stand at ease," in a nervous and shaky voice, he informed:

"Men, you are here on a very solemn duty. You have been selected as a firing squad for the execution of a soldier, who, having been found guilty of a grievous crime against king and country, has been regularly and duly tried and sentenced to be shot at 3:28 a. m. this date. This sentence has been approved by the reviewing authority and ordered carried out. It is our duty to carry on with the sentence of the court.

"There are twelve rifles, one of which contains a blank cartridge, the other eleven containing ball cartridges. Every man is expected to do his duty and fire to kill. Take your orders from me. Squad—'Shun!"

We came to attention. Then he left. My heart was of lead and my knees shook.

After standing at "attention" for what seemed a week, though in reality it could not have been over five minutes, we heard a low whispering in our rear and footsteps on the stone flagging of the courtyard.

Our officer reappeared and in a low, but firm voice, ordered:

"About—Turn!"

We turned about. In the gray light of dawn, a few yards in front of me, I could make out a brick wall. Against this wall was a dark form with a white square pinned on its breast. We were supposed to aim at this square. To the right of the form I noticed a white spot on the wall. This would be my target.

"Ready! Aim! Fire!"

The dark form sank into a huddled heap. My bullet sped on its way, and hit the whitish spot on the wall; I could see the splinters fly. Some one else had received the rifle containing the blank cartridge, but my mind was at ease, there was no blood of a Tommy on my hands.

"Order—Arms! About—Turn! Pile—Arms! Stand—Clear."

The stacks were re-formed.

"Quick—March! Right—Wheel!" And we left the scene of execution behind us.

It was now daylight. After marching about five minutes, we were dismissed with the following instructions from the officer in command:

"Return, alone, to your respective companies, and remember, no talking about this affair, or else it will go hard with the guilty ones."

We needed no urging to get away. I did not recognize any of the men on the firing squad; even the officer was a stranger to me.

The victim's relations and friends in Blighty will never know that he was executed; they will be under the impression that he died doing his bit for king and country.

In the public casualty lists his name will appear under the caption "Accidentally Killed," or "Died."

The day after the execution I received orders to report back to the line, and to keep a still tongue in my head.

Executions are a part of the day's work, but the part we hated most of all, I think—certainly the saddest. The British war department is thought by many people to be composed of rigid regulations all wound around with red tape. But it has a heart, and one of the evidences of this is the considerate way in which an execution is concealed and reported to the relative of the unfortunate man. They never know the truth. He is listed in the bulletins as among the "accidentally killed."

In the last ten years I have several times read stories in magazines of cowards changing, in a charge, to heroes. I used to laugh at it. It seemed easy for story-writers, but I said, "Men aren't made that way." But over in France I learned once that the streak of yellow can turn all white. I picked up the story, bit by bit, from the captain of the company, the sentries who guarded the poor fellow, as well as from my own observations. At first I did not realize the whole of his story, but after a week of investigation it stood out as clear in my mind as the mountains of my native West in the spring sunshine. It impressed me so much that I wrote it all down in rest billets on scraps of odd paper. The incidents are, as I say, every bit true; the feelings of the man are true—I know from all I underwent in the fighting over in France.

We will call him Albert Lloyd. That wasn't his name, but it will do:

Albert Lloyd was what the world terms a coward.

In London they called him a slacker.

His country had been at war nearly eighteen months, and still he was not in khaki.

He had no good reason for not enlisting, being alone in the world, having been educated in a higher than asylum, and there being no one dependent upon him for support. He had no good position to lose, and there was no sweetheart to tell him with her lips to go, while her eyes pleaded for him to stay.

Every time he saw a recruiting sergeant he'd slink around the corner out of sight, with a terrible fear gnawing at his heart. When passing the big recruiting posters, and on his way to business and back he passed many, he would pull down his cap and look the other way from that awful finger pointing at him, under the caption, "Your King and Country Need You;" or the boring eyes of Kitchener, which burned into his very soul, causing him to shudder.

Then the Zeppelin raids—during them, he used to crouch in a corner of his boarding-house cellar, whimpering like a whipped puppy and calling upon the Lord to protect him.

Even his landlady despised him, although she had to admit that he was "good pay."

He very seldom read the papers, but one momentous morning the landlady put the morning paper at his place before he came down to breakfast. Taking his seat he read the flaring headline, "Conscription Bill Passed," and nearly fainted. Excusing himself, he stumbled upstairs to his bedroom, with the horror of it gnawing into his vitals.

Having saved up a few pounds, he decided not to leave the house, and to shun sickness, so he stayed in his room and had the landlady serve his meals there.

Every time there was a knock at the door he trembled all over, imagining it was a policeman who had come to take him away to the army.

One morning his fears were realized. Sure enough, there stood a policeman with the fatal paper. Taking it in his trembling hand he read that he, Albert Lloyd, was ordered to report himself to the nearest recruiting station for physical examination. He reported immediately, because he was afraid to disobey.

The doctor looked with approval upon Lloyd's six feet of physical perfection, and thought what a fine guardsman he would make, but examined his heart twice before he passed him as "physically fit;" it was beating so fast.

From the recruiting depot Lloyd was taken, with many others, in charge of a sergeant, to the training depot at Aldershot, where he was given an outfit of khaki, and drew his other equipment. He made a fine-looking soldier, except for the slight shrinking in his shoulders and the hunted look in his eyes.

At the training depot it does not take long to find out a man's character, and Lloyd was promptly dubbed "windy." In the English army "windy" means cowardly.

The smallest recruit in the barracks looked on him with contempt, and was not slow to show it in many ways.

Lloyd was a good soldier, learned quickly, obeyed every order promptly, never groused at the hardest fatigues. He was afraid to. He lived in deadly fear of the officers and "noncoms" over him. They also despised him.

One morning about three months after his enlistment Lloyd's company was paraded, and the names picked out for the next draft to France were read. When his name was called, he did not step out smartly, two paces to the front, and answer cheerfully, "Here, sir," as the others did. He just fainted in the ranks and was carried to barracks amid the sneers of the rest.

That night was an agony of misery to him. He could not sleep. Just cried and whimpered in his bunk, because on the morrow the draft was to sail for France, where he would see death on all sides, and perhaps be killed himself. On the steamer, crossing the channel, he would have jumped overboard to escape, but was afraid of drowning.

Arriving in France, he and the rest were huddled into cattle cars. On the side of each appeared in white letters, "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8." After hours of bumping over the uneven French roadbeds they arrived at the training base of Rouen.

At this place they were put through a week's rigid training in trench warfare. On the morning of the eighth day they paraded at ten o'clock, and were inspected and passed by General H——, then were marched to the quartermaster's, to draw their gas helmets and trench equipment.

At four in the afternoon they were again hustled into cattle cars. This time the journey lasted two days. They disembarked at the town of Frevent and could hear a distant dull booming. With knees shaking, Lloyd asked the sergeant what the noise was, and nearly dropped when the sergeant replied in a somewhat bored tone:

"Oh, them's the guns up the line. We'll be up there in a couple o' days or so. Don't worry, my laddie, you'll see more of 'em than you want before you get 'ome to Blighty again, that is, if you're lucky enough to get back. Now lend a hand there unloadin' them cars, and quit that everlastin' shakin'. I believe yer scared." The last with a contemptuous sneer.

They marched ten kilos, full pack, to a little dilapidated village, and the sound of the guns grew louder, constantly louder.

The village was full of soldiers who turned out to inspect the new draft, the men who were shortly to be their mates in the trenches, for they were going "up the line" on the morrow, to "take over" their certain sector of trenches.

The draft was paraded in front of battalion headquarters and the men were assigned to companies.

Lloyd was the only man assigned to D company. Perhaps the officer in charge of the draft had something to do with it, for he called Lloyd aside and said:

"Lloyd, you are going to a new company. No one knows you. Your bed will be as you make it, so for God's sake, brace up and be a man. I think you have the stuff in you, my boy, so good-by and the best of luck to you."

The next day the battalion took over their part of the trenches. It happened to be a very quiet day. The artillery behind the lines was still, except for an occasional shell sent over to let the Germans know the gunners were not asleep.

In the darkness, in single file, the company slowly wended their way down the communication trench to the front line. No one noticed Lloyd's white and drawn face.

After they had relieved the company in the trenches, Lloyd, with two of the old company men, was put on guard in one of the traverses. Not a shot was fired from the German lines, and no one paid any attention to him crouched on the firing step.

On the first time in, a new recruit is not required to stand with his head "over the top." He only "sits it out," while the older men keep watch.

At about ten o'clock, all of a sudden, he thought hell had broken loose, and crouched and shivered up against the parapet. Shells started bursting, as he imagined, right in their trench, when in fact they were landing about a hundred yards in rear of them, in the second lines.

One of the older men on guard, turning to his mate, said:

"There goes Fritz with those d——d trench mortars again. It's about time our artillery 'taped' them, and sent over a few. Well, I'll be d——d, where's that blighter of a draft man gone to? There's his rifle leaning against the parapet. He must have legged it. Just keep your eye peeled, Dick, while I report it to the sergeant. I wonder if the fool knows he can be shot for such tricks as leavin' his post?"

Lloyd had gone. When the trench mortars opened up, a maddening terror seized him and he wanted to run, to get away from that horrible din, anywhere to safety. So quietly sneaking around the traverse, he came to the entrance of a communication trench, and ran madly and blindly down it, running into traverses, stumbling into muddy holes, and falling full length over trench grids.

Groping blindly, with his arms stretched out in front of him, he at last came out of the trench into the village, or what used to be a village, before the German artillery razed it.

Mixed with his fear, he had a peculiar sort of cunning, which whispered to him to avoid all sentries, because if they saw him he would be sent back to that awful destruction in the front line, and perhaps be killed or maimed. The thought made him shudder, the cold sweat coming out in beads on his face.

On his left, in the darkness, he could make out the shadowy forms of trees; crawling on his hands and knees, stopping and crouching with fear at each shell-burst, he finally reached an old orchard and cowered at the base of a shot-scarred apple tree.

He remained there all night, listening to the sound of the guns and ever praying, praying that his useless life would be spared.

As dawn began to break, he could discern little dark objects protruding from the ground all about him. Curiosity mastered his fear and he crawled to one of the objects, and there, in the uncertain light, he read on a little wooden cross:

"Pte. H. S. Wheaton, No. 1670, 1st London Regt. R. F. Killed in action, April 25, 1916. R. I. P." (Rest in Peace).

When it dawned on him that he had been hiding all night in a cemetery his reason seemed to leave him, and a mad desire to be free from it all made him rush madly away, falling over little wooden crosses, smashing some and trampling others under his feet.

In his flight he came to an old French dugout, half caved in and partially filled with slimy and filthy water.

Like a fox being chased by the hounds, he ducked into this hole, and threw himself on a pile of old empty sandbags, wet and mildewed. Then—unconsciousness.

On the next day, he came to; far distant voices sounded in his ears. Opening his eyes, in the entrance of the dugout he saw a corporal and two men with fixed bayonets.

The corporal was addressing him:

"Get up, you white-livered blighter! Curse you and the day you ever joined D company, spoiling their fine record! It'll be you up against the wall, and a good job too. Get hold of him, men, and if he makes a break, give him the bayonet, and send it home, the cowardly sneak. Come on, you, move, we've been looking for you long enough."

Lloyd, trembling and weakened by his long fast, tottered out, assisted by a soldier on each side of him.

They took him before the captain, but could get nothing out of him but:

"For God's sake, sir, don't have me shot, don't have me shot!"

The captain, utterly disgusted with him, sent him under escort to division headquarters for trial by court-martial, charged with desertion under fire.

They shoot deserters in France.

During his trial, Lloyd sat as one dazed, and could put nothing forward in his defense, only an occasional "Don't have me shot!"

His sentence was passed: "To be shot at 3:38 o'clock in the morning of May 18, 1916." This meant that he had only one more day to live.

He did not realize the awfulness of his sentence; his brain seemed paralyzed. He knew nothing of his trip, under guard, in a motor lorry to the sandbagged guardroom in the village, where he was dumped on the floor and left, while a sentry with a fixed bayonet paced up and down in front of the entrance.

Bully beef, water and biscuits were left beside him for his supper.

The sentry, seeing that he ate nothing, came inside and shook him by the shoulder, saying in a kind voice:

"Cheero, laddie, better eat something. You'll feel better. Don't give up hope. You'll be pardoned before morning. I know the way they run these things. They're only trying to scare you, that's all. Come now, that's a good lad, eat something. It'll make the world look different to you."

The good-hearted sentry knew he was lying about the pardon. He knew nothing short of a miracle could save the poor lad.

Lloyd listened eagerly to his sentry's words, and believed them. A look of hope came into his eyes, and he ravenously ate the meal beside him.

In about an hour's time, the chaplain came to see him, but Lloyd would have none of him. He wanted no parson; he was to be pardoned.

The artillery behind the lines suddenly opened up with everything they had. An intense bombardment of the enemy's lines had commenced. The roar of the guns was deafening. Lloyd's fears came back with a rush, and he cowered on the earthen floor with his hands over his face.

The sentry, seeing his position, came in and tried to cheer him by talking to him:

"Never mind them guns, boy, they won't hurt you. They are ours. We are giving the Boches a dose of their

He Betrayed His Country.

own medicine. Our boys are going over the top at dawn of the morning to take their trenches. We'll give 'em a taste of cold steel with their sausages and beer. You just sit tight now until they relieve you. I'll have to go now, lad, as it's nearly time for my relief, and I don't want them to see me a-talkin' with you. So long, laddie, cheero."

With this, the sentry resumed the pacing of his post. In about ten minutes' time he was relieved, and a D company man took his place.

Looking into the guardhouse, the sentry noticed the cowering attitude of Lloyd, and, with a sneer, said to him:

"Instead of whimpering in that corner, you ought to be saying your prayers. It's bally conscripts like you what's spoilin' our record. We've been out here nigh onto eighteen months, and you're the first man to desert his post. The whole battalion is laughin' and pokin' fun at D company, bad luck to you! but you won't get another chance to disgrace us. They'll put your lights out in the mornin'."

After listening to this tirade, Lloyd, in a faltering voice, asked: "They are not going to shoot me, are they? Why, the other sentry said they'd pardon me. For God's sake—don't tell me I'm to be shot!" and his voice died away in a sob.

"Of course, they're going to shoot you. The other sentry was jest a-kiddin' you. Jest like old Smith. Always a-tryin' to cheer some one. You ain't got no more chance o' bein' pardoned than I have of gettin' to be colonel of my 'batt.'"

When the fact that all hope was gone finally entered Lloyd's brain, a calm seemed to settle over him, and rising to his knees, with his arms stretched out to heaven, he prayed, and all of his soul entered into the prayer.

"O, good and merciful God, give me strength to die like a man! Deliver me from this coward's death. Give me a chance to die like my mates in the fighting line, to die fighting for my country. I ask this of thee."

A peace, hitherto unknown, came to him, and he crouched and cowered no more, but calmly waited the dawn, ready to go to his death. The shells were bursting all around the guardroom, but he hardly noticed them.

While waiting there, the voice of the sentry, singing in a low tone, came to him. He was singing the chorus of the popular trench ditty:

I want to go home, I want to go home.
I don't want to go to the trenches no more.
Where the "whizzbangs" and "sausages" roar galore.
Take me over the sea, where the Allemand can't get at me.
Oh, my, I don't want to die! I want to go home.

Lloyd listened to the words with a strange interest, and wondered what kind of a home he would go to across the Great Divide. It would be the only home he had ever known.

Suddenly there came a great rushing through the air, a blinding, a deafening report, and the sandbag walls of the guardroom toppled over, and then—blackness.

When Lloyd recovered consciousness, he was lying on his right side, facing what used to be the entrance of the guardroom. Now, it was only a jumble of rent and torn sandbags. His head seemed bursting. He slowly rose on his elbow, and there in the east the dawn was breaking. But what was that mangled shape lying over there among the sandbags? Slowly dragging himself to it, he saw the body of the sentry. One look was enough to know that he was dead. The soldier's head was missing. The sentry had had his wish gratified. He had "gone home." He was safe at last from the "whizzbangs" and the Allemand.

Like a flash it came to Lloyd that he was free. Free to go "over the top" with his company. Free to die like a true Briton fighting for his king and country. A great gladness and warmth came over him. Carefully stepping over the body of the sentry, he started on a mad race down the ruined street of the village, amid the bursting shells, minding them not, dodging through or around hurrying platoons on their way to also go "over the top." Coming to a communication trench he could not get through. It was blocked with laughing, cheering and cursing soldiers. Climbing out of the trench, he ran wildly along the top, never heeding the rain of machine-gun bullets and shells, not even hearing the shouts of the officers, telling him to get back into the trench. He was going to join his company who were in the front line. He was going to fight with them. He, the despised coward, had come into his own.

While he was racing along, jumping over trenches crowded with soldiers, a ringing cheer broke out all along the front line, and his heart sank. He knew he was too late. His company had gone over. But still he ran madly. He would catch them. He would die with them.

Meanwhile his company had gone "over." They, with the other companies had taken the first and second German trenches, and had pushed steadily on to the third line. D company, led by their captain, the one who had sent Lloyd to division headquarters for trial, charged with desertion, had pushed steadily forward until they found themselves far in advance of the rest of the attacking force. "Bombing out" trench after trench, and using their bayonets, they came to a German communication trench, which ended in a blindsap, and then the captain, and what was left of his men, knew they were in a trap. They would not retire. D company never retired, and they were D company. Right in front of them they could see hundreds of Germans preparing to rush them with bomb and bayonet. They would have some chance if ammunition and bombs could reach them from the rear. Their supply was exhausted, and the men realized it would be a case of dying as bravely as possible, or making a run for it. But D company would not run. It was against their traditions and principles.

The Germans would have to advance across an open space of three to four hundred yards before they could get within bombing distance of the trench, and then it would be all their own way.

Turning to his company, the captain said:

"Men, it's a case of going West for us. We are out of ammunition and bombs, and the Boches have us in a trap. They will bomb us out. Our bayonets are useless here. We will have to go over and meet them, and it's a case of thirty to one, so send every thrust home, and die like the men of D company should. When I give the word, follow me, and up and at them. Give them h——! Lord, if we only had a machine gun, we could wipe them out! Here they come, get ready, men."

Just as he finished speaking, the welcome "pup-pup" of a machine gun in their rear rang out, and the front line of the onrushing Germans seemed to melt away. They wavered, but once again came rushing onward. Down went their second line. The machine gun was taking an awful toll of lives. Then again they tried to advance, but the machine gun mowed them down. Dropping their rifles and bombs, they broke and fled in a wild rush back to their trench, amid the cheers of "D" company. They were forming again for another attempt, when in the rear of D company came a mighty cheer. The ammunition had arrived and with it a battalion of Scotch to re-enforce them. They were saved. The unknown machine gunner had come to the rescue in the nick of time.

With the re-enforcements it was an easy task to take the third German line.

After the attack was over, the captain and three of his noncommissioned officers, wended their way back to the position where the machine gun had done its deadly work. He wanted to thank the gunner in the name of D company for his magnificent deed. They arrived at the gun, and an awful sight met their eyes.

Lloyd had reached the front line trench, after his company had left it. A strange company was nimbly crawling up the trench ladders. They were re-enforcements going over. They were Scotties, and they made a magnificent sight in their brightly colored kilts and bare knees.

Jumping over the trench, Lloyd raced across "No Man's Land," unheeding the rain of bullets, leaping over dark forms on the ground, some of which lay still, while others called out to him as he speeded past.

He came to the German front line, but it was deserted, except for heaps of dead and wounded—a grim tribute to the work of his company, good old D company. Leaping trenches, and gasping for breath, Lloyd could see right ahead of him his company in a dead-ended sap of a communication trench, and across the open, away in front of them, a mass of Germans preparing for a charge. Why didn't D company fire on them? Why were they so strangely silent? What were they waiting for? Then he knew—their ammunition was exhausted.

But what was that on his right? A machine gun. Why didn't it open fire and save them? He would make that gun's crew do their duty. Rushing over to the gun he saw why it had not opened fire. Scattered around its base lay six still forms. They had brought their gun to consolidate the captured position, but a German machine gun had decreed they would never fire again.

Lloyd rushed to the gun and, grasping the traversing handles, trained it on the Germans. He pressed the thumb piece, but only a sharp click was the result. The gun was unloaded. Then he realized his helplessness. He did not know how to load the gun. Oh, why hadn't he attended the machine-gun course in England? He'd been offered the chance, but with a blush of shame he remembered that he had been afraid. The nickname of the machine gunners had frightened him. They were called the "Suicide club." Now, because of this fear, his company would be destroyed, the men of D company would have to die, because he, Albert Lloyd, had been afraid of a name. In his shame he cried like a baby. Anyway he could die with them and, rising to his feet, he stumbled over the body of one of the gunners, who emitted a faint moan. A gleam of hope flashed through him. Perhaps this man could tell him how to load the gun. Stooping over the body he gently shook it and the soldier opened his eyes. Seeing Lloyd, he closed them again and, in a faint voice, said:

"Get away, you blighter, leave me alone. I don't want any coward around me."

The words cut Lloyd like a knife, but he was desperate. Taking the revolver out of the holster of the dying man he pressed the cold muzzle to the soldier's head and replied:

"Yes, it is Lloyd, the coward of Company D, but so help me God, if you don't tell me how to load that gun I'll put a bullet through your brain!"

A sunny smile came over the countenance of the dying man and he said in a faint whisper:

"Good old boy! I knew you wouldn't disgrace our company——"

Lloyd interposed: "For God's sake, if you want to save that company you are so proud of, tell me how to load that d——d gun!"

As if reciting a lesson in school, the soldier replied in a weak, singsong voice: "Insert tag end of belt in feed block, with left hand pull belt left front. Pull crank handle back on roller, let go, and repeat motion. Gun is now loaded. To fire, raise automatic safety latch, and press thumbpiece. Gun is now firing. If gun stops, ascertain position of crank handle—"

But Lloyd waited for no more. With wild joy at his heart, he took a belt from one of the ammunition boxes lying beside the gun, and followed the dying man's instructions. Then he pressed the thumbpiece and a burst of fire rewarded his efforts. The gun was working.

Training it on the Germans he shouted for joy as their front rank went down.

Traversing the gun back and forth along the mass of Germans, he saw them break and run back to the cover of their trench, leaving their dead and wounded behind. He had saved his company, he, Lloyd, the coward, had "done his bit." Releasing the thumbpiece, he looked at the watch on his wrist. He was still alive at "3:38."

"Ping!"—a bullet sang through the air, and Lloyd fell forward across the gun. A thin trickle of blood ran down his face from a little, black round hole in his forehead.

* * * * * * *

"The sentence of the court had been "duly carried out."

The captain slowly raised the limp form drooping over the gun and, wiping the blood from the white face, recognized it as Lloyd, the coward of D company. Reverently covering the face with his handkerchief he turned to his "noncoms" and, in a voice husky with emotions, addressed them:

"Boys, it's Lloyd, the deserter. He has redeemed himself, died the death of a hero—died that his mates might live."

That afternoon a solemn procession wended its way toward the cemetery. In the front a stretcher was carried by two sergeants. Across the stretcher the Union Jack was carefully spread. Behind the stretcher came a captain and forty-three men, all that were left of D company.

Arriving at the cemetery, they halted in front of an open grave. All about them wooden crosses were broken and trampled into the ground.

A grizzled old sergeant, noting this destruction, muttered under his breath: "Curse the cowardly blighter who wrecked those crosses! If I could only get these two hands around his neck his trip West would be short."

The corpse on the stretcher seemed to move, or it might have been the wind blowing the folds of the Union Jack.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

WANTS

THAT BRING RESULTS

RATES IN THIS COLUMN

Classified ads running three days or more will be inserted in this column for one-half cent per word each insertion. No ads taken for less than 25c for three days.

Ads running less than three days or interrupted insertions 1 cent per word each insertion.

Count the words; send money with the order. Ads should be in by twelve o'clock to insure insertion in this column same day.

These prices are for CASH with order. An extra charge of Five Cents will be made on all Want Ads when cash does not accompany the order.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Good list of prime real estate mortgage loans for disposal, in amounts to suit investors. See us for terms. Over Nodaway Valley Bank. The Sisson Loan & Title Co. 21tf

FOR SALE—Barred Rock eggs from extra good stock; no cheap stuff. M. C. Thompson. Far. phone 41-15. 21tf

FOR SALE—R. C. White Leghorn eggs, $5.00 hundred. Jesse Dowden, Route 3. Farmers phone 1-15. 1-13*

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Oakland, 7 passenger, 6 cylinder car, excellent condition, equipped with Goodyear cord tires. Real bargain if taken soon. G. O. Riley, Skidmore, Mo. 1-tf

FOR SALE — Mare 4 years old. Frank Martin, 216 Esat 3rd. Hanamo 3041. 2tf

FOR SALE—Pure bred Barred Rock eggs for setting, $4.50 per hundred. Call Mrs. R. L. White, Farmers phone 17-18. 3-13*

FOR SALE—Some dandy fall boars ready for April and May service. They are pure-bred Poland-Chinas. W. B. Gex, Graham, Mo. 4-17

S. C. R. I. Red eggs for hatching. On account of moving will have no pens, but sell eggs from general flock. Eggs at $5.00 per 100. Mrs. Alfred Jones, Route 7. Farmers phone 38-17. 9-15

FOR SALE—Ford touring car in good condition. Farmers Garage. 10-12

FOR SALE—Car of Checkerboard chick feed and chowder; also car of oil meal. Maryville Feed and Milling Co. Hanamo phone 110, Farmers 230. 10-12

S. C. Black Minorca offered for sale Saturday for benefit of Red Cross by Bickett. 10-12*

FOR SALE—Farm team, 5 and 7 years old. Inquire of T. L. Wilderman. 12-15

FOR SALE—About 30 S. C. Buff Orpington hens, eggs for hatching. Also some Early Ohio seed potatoes. E. M. Houchens, 703 E. 7th. Hanamo 4724, Farmers 49-15. 11-13*

MISCELLANEOUS

NOTICE—"23" jitney station will run a general delivery in connection with their jitney business. We will haul anything. Call us. E. C. Moberly. 23-tf

HAVE your old mattresses made over like new; feather mattresses made from your old feather beds. Hanamo 440. P. O. Box 93. 12-15*

I will trade my equity in new residence property for car. Inquire at Protzman's barber shop. 11tf

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—6 room house, 1102 East Jenkins. Inquire Louis Gram, Hanamo 5542. 4tf

FOR RENT—Modern 6 room house, close in, good neighborhood, large garden. Vacant April 15. R. L. McDougal. 4-tf

FOR RENT—House on North Mulberry, 1½ blocks south of the water tower, modern except furnace. See S. M. Redfield. 11-13*

WANTED

WANTED—Two boys over 16 years old. Maryville Laundry. Phone 700. 11-13

WANTED—Two girls at Maryville Laundry. Call Hanamo 700. 11-13

LOST

LOST—Check folder with 15 thrift stamps and 4 war savings stamps. Return to Democrat-Forum office. 10-12

Mrs. G. A. Nash is visiting in Stanberry with her brothers, Henry, E. T., and J. S. Houston.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

MARKET REPORTS

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

Special to The Democrat-Forum.

Grain Market Future.

Kansas City, April 12.—CORN—May $1.27.

Kansas City Live Stock

Kansas City, April 12.—CATTLE—Receipts 3,000; steers $12 @ $16.30; cows $8 @ $14.

HOGS—Receipts 8,000; top $17.65; bulk $17.30 @ $17.60.

Chicago Live Stock

Chicago, April 12.—CATTLE — Receipts 7,000; market steady.

HOGS—Receipts 30,000; market 10 lower; top $17.75.

St Joseph Live Stock

St. Joseph, April 12.—CATTLE—Receipts 1,200; market steady.

HOGS — Receipts 3,500; market steady; top $17.55.

PRODUCE MARKET.

Ducks	17c
Eggs, per dozen	28c
Cream, per lb	39c
Geese	17
Old Roosters	12
Hides, per lb.	8

"SHOPPING" CHAPERONES

Red Cross Women at Line of Communication Canteens In France Have a New Job

The American soldier in France is a good fighting man. But when he faces the French shopkeeper — that quick-tongued, sharp-eyed little woman who keeps the till as full as she can while her husband fights—he is glad enough to have an American woman beside him.

So the Red Cross women at the line of communication canteens have a new job. They take the boys out shopping.

There are a string of towns along the railroads where it is a common sight now to see a hundred American soldiers hurrying about the streets using their precious quarter hour or so while they wait for connections, in laying in a stock of tobacco or food or sweets. And heading a group of a score here and a dozen there you will see an American woman shepherding the whole crowd like a new kind of noncom., marching them into the shops, translating their wants into shopkeeper's French, counting their change for them and generally serving as guide, interpreter and guardian. There is usually a troop of youngsters bringing up the rear, chattering and giggling and scrambling now and then for the coppers that the soldiers throw among them.

"It's just like going shopping with my sister at home," said one grateful warrior.

U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

HOW TO GROW

BRUSSELS SPROUTS

Brussels sprouts are closely related to cabbage and cauliflower and may be grown in very much the same manner. The seed may be started in the window box or in the hotbed and transplanted to the garden when the ground is in condition to work.

Instead of a single head, Brussels sprouts produce a large number of small heads, these heads being formed in the axils of the leaves. If the heads become too crowded the leaves should be broken off so as to give the heads more room. However, a few leaves should always be left in the top of the stem where the new heads are being formed. Brussels sprouts are more hardy than cabbage and in many sections may be planted in the fall. They should be set in rows 30 to 36 inches apart if for horse cultivation, or somewhat closer for hand cultivation. The plants should be set from 20 to 24 inches apart in the rows.

Brussels sprouts may be stored for winter use in much the same way as cabbage. The best method is to take up the plants, pack them closely together in a trench, covering them with straw or other litter to protect them from freezing and thawing.—U. S. Department of Agriculture.

KEEP it COMING
"We must not only feed our Soldiers at the front but the millions of women & children behind our lines"
Gen. John J. Pershing
WASTE NOTHING
UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION

UP TO TOWN PEOPLE

THEY MUST AID IN SOLVING THE FARM HELP PROBLEM

ORGANIZE VOLUNTEERS

Every Able Bodied Man In the State Will be Asked to Work for Such Time as is Necessary

Farm boys included in the draft will not be taken from the farms; at least until after harvest. Farm boys in military camps who desire will be permitted to return to their farms on furlough to help in the harvest fields. This much the government has done officially to avoid a farm labor shortage greater than now exists and, in a small way, to relieve the present shortage. This, however, is not enough.

Every farmer in Missouri, under the double stimulus of patriotic zeal and high prices, is doing his utmost to plant the last acre of his farm. He will probably be a little behind in planting. The need of labor to tend the growing crops and to harvest the ripened crops will grow more and more acute as the season advances.

Every experienced farm hand who really wants to work will have a place for the summer before the end of April unless he be prevented by circumstances beyond his control. To a certain extent, men on the farms will be able to help one another during the present crop season. And still there will be a labor shortage.

Most farmers have made up their minds to ask help from whatever source help may be obtained. If it cannot be found in the rural districts it logically must be found in the towns and cities. It is sheer idle talk for anyone to maintain that the town man can give a good account of himself on the farm. The population of the average small town is made up in large part of people who have grown up on farms, who have performed every kind of farm labor. A large proportion of these town residents are people accustomed to doing hard manual labor. They are out of practice in farm work, but, by no means, have they forgotten what they once knew of farm methods. Of this class of people there are not only tens of thousands, but hundreds of thousands, in the towns and cities of the state. There are other hundreds of thousands who have had no farm experience, but who are strong in body, willing to work, and possess good "horse sense." They can do some things on the farm and do them well. Both these classes of town residents are as patriotic as Americans know how to be, as willing to sacrifice and as ready to serve as any class of people in the United States. They are wide awake to the needs and possibilities of the present war. They know as well as men can know that this is everybody's war and that food is as important as ammunition. They have been giving the most loyal service in the conservation of foods and they are ready on call to give the best service they know how to give in helping to increase production. In short, they are ready to help the farmers of this country to produce and harvest the most bountiful crop that may be permitted this year.

In order to put these words into action there is being organized in Missouri a body of volunteer farm laborers. The organization is known as the "Farm Help Volunteers of Missouri." Arrangements are being made so that every town in the state will have a chance to organize a division of the "Farm Help Volunteers." In every town a committee will be named to work up the organization. Every able bodied man who is not now doing farm work will be given a chance to volunteer to help on the farms in the vicinity of his town. In volunteering he will place himself subject to call for a "Farm Labor Division Director." He will volunteer his services for a day, a week, a month or more, as he can. He will expect to be paid, not for his time, but for his services, based on a fair and equitable farm wage. The purpose of organizing the Farm Help Volunteers of Missouri is to increase production. One of the fundamental principles is cooperation. There is to be no patronage on either side. The farmer will pay, and his town neighbor will charge, in proportion to services rendered.

The movement in Missouri is headed by the U. S. department of agriculture, working under the direct administration of the Missouri College of Agriculture, with the active cooperation of the federal food administration, the Missouri council of defense, the United States Boys' Working Reserve and every other agency in which is reposed a part of the responsibility of winning the present war.

The new organization will be pushed rapidly in every part of the state. Every town will be expected to furnish its quota of volunteers. It is a safe prediction that there will be no "slacker" towns.

The College of Agriculture, Columbia, Missouri, or any county agricultural agent will furnish further information on request. The federal farm help specialist will give assistance wherever possible in organizing local divisions of the Farm Help Volunteers of Missouri.

BOMBS PAINTED LIKE TOYS

Sergeant Jones Tells of the Inhuman Acts Practiced by the Boches — His Experiences

Chicago, April 12. — The thrilling story of his experiences against the Huns in France was told by Sergeant Christopher Jones of the Royal British Field artillery in the psychopathic court here.

Three times he was wounded and five times he went through the horhors of being gassed. He has been doing duty as the British recruiting office since his discharge in 1917. He still carries a piece of shrapnel in his skull, received at the battle of Ypres, when for five days he lay in a shell hole, without food or drink, until a hospital dog rescued him.

Jones was in the fighting at Albert when that city was attacked and the cathedral destroyed.

"That was where the Boches gave bombs to the children; bombs painted like toys and set to explode in a few minutes," said Jones. "The poor kids, they never had a chance. Yes, I saw some of these explosions. And I saw old women given the bayonet.

"We charged them, but our officers wouldn't let us kill them. We had to take them prisoner when they hollered 'Kamerad.'

"When I was captured the Boches threw me into a forty-foot pit with a lot of other prisoners. They told me I could get out if I worked in the ammunition factories. I told them to go to h——, and stayed in the pit.

"One night two of us overpowered a guard, climbed up on the rope which they used to let water down to us and escaped. We went through woods and swam rivers until we got to sea. We got on a fishing boat and woke up on the coast of France.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Following is a list of the letters remaining unclaimed in the Maryville Mo., postoffice for the week ending Wednesday, April 10, 1918.

Men.

Alexander, Arthur
Bauer, Harry
Bennett, E.
Horn, Geo.
Leavel, John S.
Popham, Leslie R.
Short, Charles
Wiedner, Frank
Zahl, M. W.

Women.

Busby, Miss Gladys
Chisholm, Miss Minnie
Collar, Burton
Edmonston, Miss Sylvia
Holloway, Mrs. Ben
La Mar, Miss Roberta
Law, Miss Mabel
McNellie, Mrs. Ella
Pieston, Ruth
Walker, Mrs. Minnie

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say "advertised." Respectfully,
JAMES TODD, Postmaster.

Mr. and Mrs. John Adams and son Glen, of Wilcox are in Maryville on business today.

MRS. LEWIS OF BROOKLYN

Tells How She Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Brooklyn, N. Y.,—"For one year I was miserable from a displacement, which caused a general run-down condition with headaches and pains in my side. My sister induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I found it helped me very much and such a splendid tonic that I am recommending it to any woman who has similar troubles."—Mrs. ELSIE G. LEWIS, 30 Vernon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Such conditions as Mrs. Lewis suffered from may be caused by a fall or a general weakened run-down condition of the system, and the most successful remedy to restore strength to muscles and tissue and bring about a normal healthy condition—has proved to be this famous root and herb medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have disturbing symptoms you do not understand write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

GERMANS TAKE MERVILLE

(Continued from page 1.)

serious attempt to break through to Calais and Dunkirk.

German prisoners on the Picardy front, captured by the British, say they have been assured by their officers that the present engagement will prove decisive and that the war will probably end this month.

Are Not Counting Losses.

The drive south of Ypres has developed into a major operation, it would appear, and the Germans, using their massed attack system, are not counting the losses inflicted upon them in their advance. So far they have gained little of great tactical value. The high ground along the front is still held by the British forces and the retirements here and there have not as yet endangered the integrity of the line from Arras to the North Sea.

The German Statement.

Berlin (via London), April 12.—The official communication issued from general headquarters says:

"The battle near Armentieres is taking a further favorable course. We have penetrated into the suburbs of Armentieres.

"South of Estaires the Lawe has been crossed at some points.

"The number of prisoners has increased to considerably more than ten thousand, including a Portugese general."

Paris, April 12. — Violent activity is reported from the region of Hangard by the French war office today. The French made a successful reconnaisance in the region of Noyon and Canny, capturing some prisoners.

FREED FROM MURDER CHARGE

After Serving Five Years Floyd Taylor, 35, Is Released by the Board of Pardons

Jefferson City, April 12.—After having served five years in the state penitentiary here charged with a murder he declares he never committed, Floyd Taylor, 35 years old, who lived in St. Louis at the time of his conviction, is free again. Taylor has been ordered released by the board of pardons, which believes he is innocent of the crime.

Taylor at the time of the alleged murder was working for the Wiederholdt Construction Co., of which F. Ernst Wiederholdt is an official. It was largely through the efforts of Wiederholdt that the release was brought about.

Wiederholdt believes positively the man is innocent and for that reason has devoted a large part of his time to save him from serving time in the penitentiary.

Taylor, at the penitentiary, has worked in the factory. He is in fairly good health. He had lived in a nearby Illinois town before going to St. Louis to live.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer McKee of Ravenwood were in Maryville on business yesterday.

Good Way to Help the Food Administration

Use

CALUMET

Baking Powder

with

Corn and Other Coarse Flours

You will save wheat for the Government. You will save time and trouble for yourself. You will be sure of satisfactory results.

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Free—send for it today

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MARYVILLE, MISSOURI

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance

Counting Rooms Over Nodaway Valley Bank
Best Terms Ever Offered—See Us.

FOR SALE

ONE COMING 3-YEAR-OLD REGISTERED STALLION—BLACK.

This colt is very stylish, smooth, classy fellow. He is out of an 1800 pound dam and by a 2300 pound son of Calypso. In fact, he is very much like Calypso, recognized as one of the very best breeding horses ever in America.

To make room for mares bring foals soon, I will make a special price on this colt to move him in the next 10 days.

Farmers phone 36-18. L. B Converse